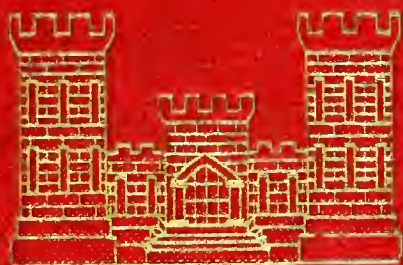


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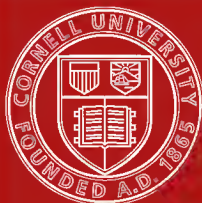
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THE HISTORY
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COMPANY C—57TH ENGINEERS
DURING THE WORLD WAR
1918-1919



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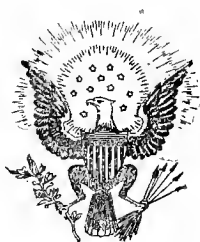
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THE HISTORY OF
COMPANY C
57TH ENGINEERS
DURING THE WORLD WAR
1918—1919



ROBERT M. DAVIS
CAPTAIN, ENGINEERS, U. S. A.

DEDICATION

God gave unto man one great gift beset with jewels of untold wealth—Unbounded Love. By its influence and light the world turns, success is made, morality rules, and righteous wars are won. The Herculean achievements of the American troops in France were made possible only by the continual inpour of love, cheer, and prayers which came by every steamship, by cable and wireless and through those unfathomable mediums of Almighty God. No word of selfish desires reached the other side, no tears, no fears, no pulling away from duty, but instead came courage and that something which calls forth the superhuman in all men. To those who worked and prayed at home, who looked ever toward the East trying to pierce the gloom of the distance and throw around their boys the protection of their love, we dedicate this book. May we ourselves ever prove worthy of these—Our People.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

This story of Company "C," 57th Engineers, is made possible through the generosity of William B. Rodgers, Sr. of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, who conceived the idea of a history of the Company's work in France, and offered to pay all the expenses of composing and printing the same. It is through such men that humanity moves forward, and the lives of mankind are made sweet.

Special thanks of the Company are due to Harry J. Greismer, a private in the ranks, for the clever and appropriate drawings which enliven the pages of the book. Letters were sent to every officer and enlisted man in the roster asking for information in order that the history might reflect as closely as possible the sentiments of the Company as a whole. To those who generously responded with data, suggestions, and pictures the remainder of the Company owe their sincerest thanks. The book is more than a statistical

history: it is a story and as such contains many things which will be fully understood only by those who trod the soil of France.

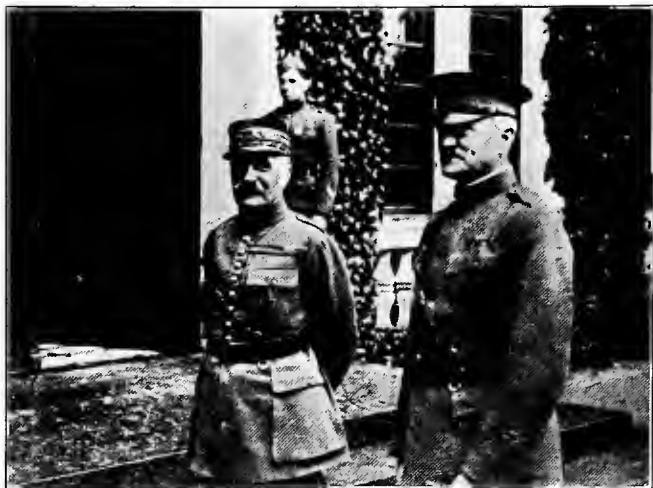
It is hoped that our work as members of the A. E. F., as recorded herein, will appear good to those who come after us.



Company C, 57th Engineers



Regimental Review at Camp Laurel



Marshal Foch and General John J. Pershing at
Chaumont—American G. H. Q.

WE ARE glad, now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German people included; for the rights of nations, great and small, and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundation of political liberty.

We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

WOODROW WILSON.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
OFFICE OF COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

France, February 20, 1919.

Brigadier General Wm. W. Atterbury,
Director General of Transportation,
Headquarters S. O. S.,
American E. F.

My Dear General Atterbury:

Permit me to take this opportunity of expressing to you, to your officers and soldiers of the Transportation Corps, my appreciation of their services to the American Expeditionary Forces.

From its inception in September, 1917, I have watched with the greatest interest the progress you have made. You have been called upon to organize Base Ports and to operate them in connection with the terminal yards and the necessary road train service connecting these yards; to instruct and assign Railway Transportation Officers at all important stations in France; to erect care and locomotives; to arrange and perfect details for troop movements and to maintain through all a most varied and difficult liaison service with the French.

All this you have done with a shortage of personnel, equipment and with facilities that were lacking due to unavoidable delays in construction.

Please convey to your officers and enlisted men my personal congratulations and appreciation, and that of their comrades of the American Expeditionary Forces, for the splendid work they have done.

Each member of the Transportation Corps, whether stationed at a Base Port or at an Advanced Railhead, has contributed to the victory of our Armies, and I want each man to understand my full appreciation of this.

Sincerely yours,

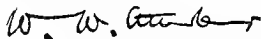


Capt. R. M. Davis,
Co. 124, T.C., A.P.O. 702

Above is a copy of letter that has been received from our Commander-in-Chief.

While addressed to me, its welcome words of appreciation are intended for each officer and soldier of the Transportation Corps.

As his messenger I transmit them to you.



W. W. ATTERBURY,
Brigadier General, U. S. A.,
Director General of Transportation.

A. E. F.
Headquarters, Inland Water Transport,
Tours, France.

March 3, 1919.

Captain Robert M. Davis,
Commanding Officer, Company C, 57th Engineers,
Villeneuve-St. Georges (Seine-et-Oise), France.

My dear Captain Davis:

Before the work upon which you and your command are now engaged comes to a close, I want to communicate to you and those serving under you a few words of appreciation of the good work done by your command.

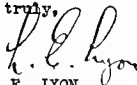
Your company is not among those that will be heralded in history for glorious deeds on the field of battle, but it is among those which performed important though obscure duties in a most creditable manner under trying circumstances. You will be remembered as such by all who had occasion to observe you in the execution of your tasks.

As your commanding officer, I desire to testify to the energy, zeal and cheerfulness with which all duties assigned to you were executed. It was my good fortune and pleasure to know you, your officers and men; and to observe the splendid spirit of goodwill and loyalty uniformly displayed.

I always felt that Company C could be relied upon to accomplish any mission assigned to it, and now that the end of our work is approaching, I desire to extend to you and your command my thanks for the manner and the spirit in which you performed your work.

In addition, I wish to extend my personal congratulations to the officers and men of Company C on the success they made of their company and on the success which they attained in their work.

Yours very truly,



L. E. LYON
Lieut. Colonel, T.C.,
Chief, I.W.T.

Camp A. A. Humphreys, Va.
June 19, 1921.

Men of Co. "C",
57th Engineers (Inland Waterways),
Greetings:

It was my good fortune to have helped Company "C" come into being, and has been my regret that I was not enabled to follow its fortunes after it left this country. Composed of intelligent, clean, upstanding men, it has maintained an enviable record throughout its life.

Of the five companies that formed the Inland Waterways Regiment (a provisional organization) I can remember a few of the incidents that made Company "C" stand out; the first regimental parade, when Co. "C" was but a squad; the final inspection of the individual equipment, when Co. "C" made a "perfect score"; the dispatch of an officer who had only received his commission the day before to the Port of Embarkation, where comfortable arrangements were provided with neatness and dispatch in the face of numerous difficulties; the snap and vim with which the company, 250 strong, entrained at Camp Laurel, where I believe every man had found his seat in less than five minutes; these were all typical of the spirit of esprit with which Co. "C" entered the war. Its record throughout the hostilities and during the difficult aftermath was no less perfect - due partly to Captain Davis and the company officers, and to your own cheerful sense of duty.

May the world go well with you all.

George Mayo

Major, Corps of Engineers.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

Inland Water Transport Service, A.P.O. 702/

March 12, 1919.

From: Carl Ashley, Major, Transportation Corps, in charge of Port of Marie,

To : Robert M. Davis, Captain, Engrs., C.O.O. "C", 57th Engrs., Villeneuve-le-Roi, France.

Subject: Letter of appreciation.

1. As the work of our service is now drawing to a close this office desires to express its especial appreciation of the loyal and efficient service rendered by the men of Company "C". When a call for a difficult piece of navigation was given it almost always seemed that a Company "C" man would be found at the helm. Our navigation records show more and longer voyages on the rivers and canals of France to the credit of "C" men than to those of any other company.

2. At Villeneuve-le-Roi it fell to the lot of many men to perform hard and disagreeable manual labor, day and night shift, unloading coal themselves and superintending the labors of the labor battalion at the port. The total of 70,000 tons of coal unloaded there represented many hard days and nights of work. The unloading record of the Inland Water Transport Service is certainly held by Company "C" both on coal and other general merchandise. It is all the more to their credit that they performed this labor with a will and enthusiasm.

3. While in no way disparaging the records of the two other I.W.T. companies, nevertheless Company "C" especially deserves the thanks and congratulations of this office to all its officers and men.

Carl Ashley

Major, Transportation Corps.

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THE STORY OF
THE ADVENTURES, WANDERINGS,
AND ACHIEVEMENTS
OF
COMPANY C—57TH ENGINEERS, U. S. A.
DURING THE WORLD WAR
1918—1919



"She's Worth It"

CHAPTER I

THE ORGANIZATION OF COMPANY C, 57TH ENGINEERS

THE full credit for the organization of the 57th Regiment of Engineers is due to Major George Mayo, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A. Major Mayo brought to this work several years of experience in Regular Army organization, and his excellent education and congenial temperament fitted him in every way to create this new unit in the United States Army.

The organization of a regiment of inland waterway engineers was conceived in France, and meeting with the approval of General John J. Pershing, a cablegram was forwarded from France directing that three companies of boatmen and bargemen be recruited for service on French rivers and canals. The cablegram requesting this new unit did not specify the form or personnel required, nor did it give details of the work to be done with

the American Expeditionary Forces which would serve as basis for a table of organization. This left the authorities in Washington somewhat in the dark as to the personnel required, but finally Companies A, B, and C were authorized under Table of Organization No. 333, which provided for the following personnel in each company:

Captain	1
1st Lieutenants	2
2nd Lieutenants	3
Master Engineers, Senior Grade	2
Master Engineers, Junior Grade	2
1st Sergeant	1
Sergeants, 1st Class	7
Mess Sergeant	1
Supply Sergeant	1
Sergeants	16
Corporals	29
Cooks	5
Privates, 1st Class	62
Privates	124
<hr/>	
Total Commissioned and En- listed Men	256

This table of organization also specified the experience required by the enlisted personnel, but later, when a construction com-

pany was organized, as Company D, the personnel was changed to conform as closely as possible to the following:

Office Clerks.	6
Master Ship Carpenters	2
Marine Gas Engineers	12
Steersmen	30
Ship Carpenters.	10
Hoisting Engineers	6
Blacksmiths	4
Riggers	6
Saddlers	6
Teamsters	48
Bargemen	80
Master Electricians.	2
Electricians	4
Boilermakers	6
Machinists	6
Steam Engineers	2
Bargemen Cooks	16

The following officers, who were in training at the third Engineer Officer's Training Camp at Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va., were ordered to Camp Laurel, Laurel, Maryland, to assist Colonel James F. Bell in the organization of this unit: Captains S. L. Thomsen, S. E. Lawrence and Lieutenants Robert M. Davis and R. H. Davidson. Colonel Bell was soon

ordered overseas and the work of directing the organization was undertaken by Major George Mayo, Corps of Engineers. Captain Thomsen was placed in command of Company A, Captain Lawrence in command of Company B, and Lieutenant Davis was subsequently promoted to the grade of Captain and given command of Company C.

A large amount of advertising was done in an endeavor to secure the right men in the regiment, and Captain S. E. Lawrence was sent on a recruiting trip extending from Ohio to Texas. One of the most enthusiastic supporters of the 57th Engineers was Captain W. B. Rodgers of Pittsburg who supplied his private yacht, gratis, for a recruiting trip up the Monongahela and down the Ohio to Wheeling. Captain Rodgers did not cease in his interest in the 57th Engineers, and especially Company C, as is evidenced by the gift of his son, Lieutenant Philander K. Rodgers, to the service of the Company, and his generosity in meeting all the expenses for the printing of this history.

Companies A and B entrained for Hoboken on the evening of June 28, and on the second day following sailed on the *Mongolia* for Brest, France.

The organization of Company C progressed rapidly. The men came in from almost every section of the country, but particu-



The Day You Reported at Camp Laurel

larly from New York, Philadelphia, and the Great Lakes Region. In course of time the following officers were assigned to the Company: 1st Lieutenant Joel Pomerene, 1st Lieutenant R. H. Davidson, 2nd Lieutenant

William E. Findlater, 2nd Lieutenant Orlie W. Robinson and 2nd Lieutenant Philander K. Rodgers. Captain Orlando S. Wood, Medical Corps, was attached to the Company. Lieutenant Davidson was detached for duty as Regimental Supply Officer, and was later transferred to Company D.

Too much praise cannot be given to the energy and enthusiasm shown by Major George Mayo in the balancing of the personnel of the four companies. Major Mayo spent hours and worked far into the night in an endeavor to make each company as near a perfect unit as possible. The qualifications of every man were card-indexed, and these cards were carefully studied before the man was assigned to a company. With this intimate acquaintance with the personnel of each company, and his natural ability as a leader of men, it was a keen disappointment to the officers and men of the Regiment when it became known that Major Mayo would not accompany them to France.

The Camp was located at the far end of the Laurel Race Track, surrounded by stables. It seemed many times, especially when one was rather tired after a day in Washington or

Baltimore, that the camping ground was just a few miles farther from the railroad station than was proper for a gentleman camp. But the men soon learned that distance and hiking were among the first essentials of making a good soldier.

Practically one hundred per cent. of the recruits were new to army life, and as raw as the proverbial oyster. But they took to their work with a will, turning the hardships into gaieties, and endeavoring at all times to prepare for service on the "other side."

Early in the organization of Company C at Camp Laurel the men were several times lined up in company front formation in alphabetical order. At one of these formations one of the sergeants who ranked rather high on military tactics, but low in spelling, became somewhat irritated at one private who seemed to be wandering around like a lost soul.

"Hey, there, what's your name?"

"Phillips."

"Well, get the Hell up there with the F's where you belong."

It seemed that learning the courtesies expected in the army was the bane of many of



"Pud" Delaney, after a hike around the track at Laurel, trying to do a "right-about-face"

the men. Saluting was especially hard to remember. When to salute, and when not to salute is quite a problem to the raw recruit. "Spuds" Guenther wasn't going to make a mistake along that line, so one morning as he was coming out of the supply house with about two dozen cans of pork and beans in each arm he met the Captain. Guenther was, of course, on detail and so a salute was not expected, but "Spuds" believed in playing safe, so he saluted, or at least made the attempt. The result was pork and beans all over Camp Laurel.

Marching wasn't so bad, nor was making an "about face" so worse, but when it came to doing everything to a gun but shoot it, the men found they were really and truly raw recruits. Perhaps one of the rawest stunts pulled off during the gun-wielding-training period happened when Lieutenant Rodgers ordered "Present Arms." One of the boys newly arrived from Philadelphia had the trigger of his gun toward his stomach. The Lieutenant noticing the mistake ordered him to turn his gun around, and was somewhat non-plussed when the budding soldier turned the gun around by pointing the barrel toward

the ground, and the stock in the air. That soldier was too much for the 57th and was transferred to Camp Meade.

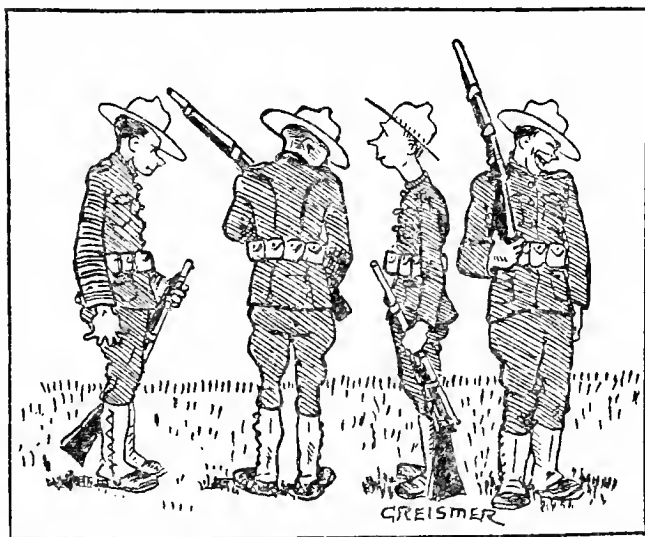
Another phase of Army life which these recruits soon learned was that "scrapping" was not allowed according to the regulations. Some company discipline was generally dealt out for such offenses, but it seemed to the Captain that scrapping by K. P.'s called for a few special remarks. So after sentencing two men to clean the company streets for a week, he concluded with the reprimand, "And I want you men to understand that we'll have no fighting in this army." The men got a week extra for loud laughter. It doesn't pay to laugh at the C. O. even if he does make some very peculiar and humorous remarks.

Talking about K. P. brings to mind the disagreement between two of the men relative to a letter one of them had written to his sweetheart:

"Whaddayamean by writing your girl that you were C. O. yesterday? Weren't you on K. P.?"

"Sure thing, Buddie, same thing. The C. O. means Commanding Officer, but it also means 'Cuisine Operator,' and that's me."

It sure did seem at times that the main job around Laurel was playing K. P. Ask one of the men "Waddaya think o' soldierin', Buddy?" and it was ten to one you'd get the



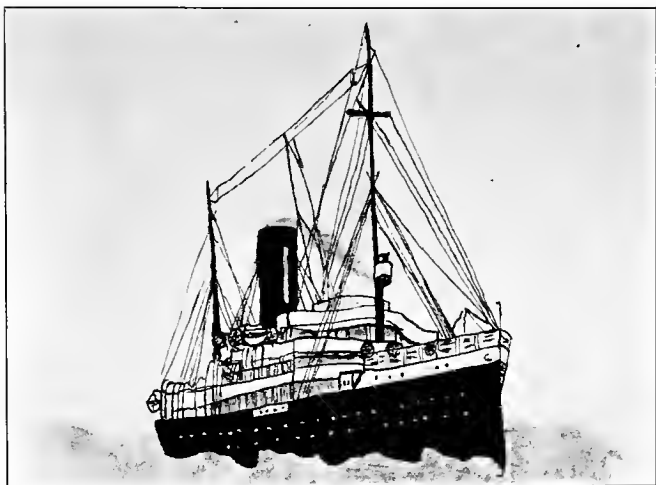
"The Awkward Squad," A few of the Boneheads that made Laurel famous for other things besides horse-racing

reply, "Gosh, you poor fish, I been K. P. so much I ain't had a chance to be a soldier yet."

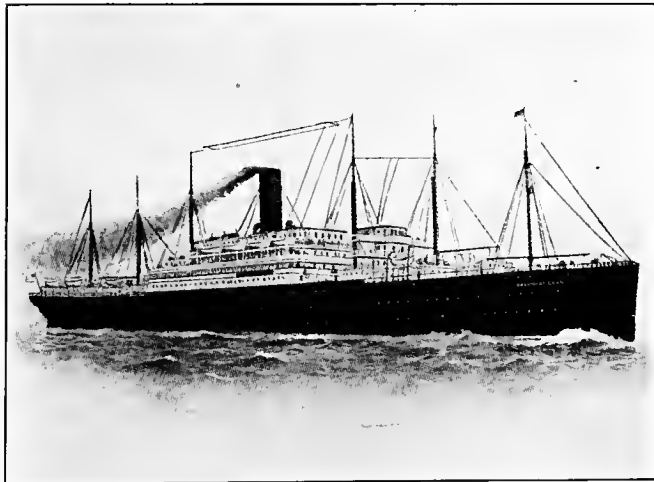
Probably one of the most memorable events was the Fourth of July celebration in the town of Laurel in which Company C led the parade.

It was the first public appearance of the Company. How little did the men realize that their next public appearance would be in one of the oldest cities of Wales!

But two other most interesting events happened on that Fourth of July. First, Mr. J. H. Rodgers of Pittsburg presented the Company with two snare drums, and some young ladies sent the Company a beautiful, hand-made American flag. Second, the Company, through a committee of non-commissioned officers presented Captain Davis with an envelope containing one hundred and fifty dollars with which to buy a new outfit to replace his outfit taken by mistake by Companies A and B, and presented to each of the other officers a fine Sam Brown belt and holster. The officers of Company C made some mistakes, for they were but human, but no set of men ever tried harder to give a square deal to their enlisted men. The personal appreciation of the brotherly relations between men and officers was always apparent in our Company even when things seemed a little unjust on one side or the other. Had the Company been kept intact when in France there is no doubt that even better



H. M. S. *Orita*—Outward Bound



U. S. Army Transport *Grant*—Homeward Bound



Captain Davis Holds Down 70,000 Tons of Bituminous Coal at Villeneuve Le Roi



Crane No. 5 Unloading Coal at Villeneuve Le Roi

things would have been said of its work by superior officers than are to be found in the letters which are a part of this history.

And then came the final inspection, a most trying time for every Company just prior to departure for overseas. Has every man the necessary number of socks, and shirts and his razor, etc? Perhaps the final inspection is one of the officers' most trying experiences. The inspection took place on the race track, the Company stretching in three rows from one end of the track to the other, every man standing by his laid-out equipment, and the Major with his ever, all-seeing eyes! Company C made a record at that inspection. It took just fifty-five minutes to cover the entire two hundred and fifty-five men. And only two men were found delinquent, one man without his towel and another without his mess kit.

Company C also made a record when it entrained in exactly five minutes from the time the order was given. We left Camp Laurel at 6:00 P. M. Saturday, July 13, 1918, bound for Port Richmond, Pa., which is really the Port of Philadelphia. Arriving at Port Richmond at 2:30 A. M. we hung around the

pier all morning, embarking on the British Transport *Orita* during the afternoon. Once again our attention was called to the fact that Company C was there with the goods, for not a single mistake was found with the embarkation records, which had been made up by the company clerks prior to departure from Camp Laurel. The *Orita* sailed at 6:00 P. M. and was greeted by many cheers as she passed down the Chesapeake Bay and into the gloom—Halifax bound.

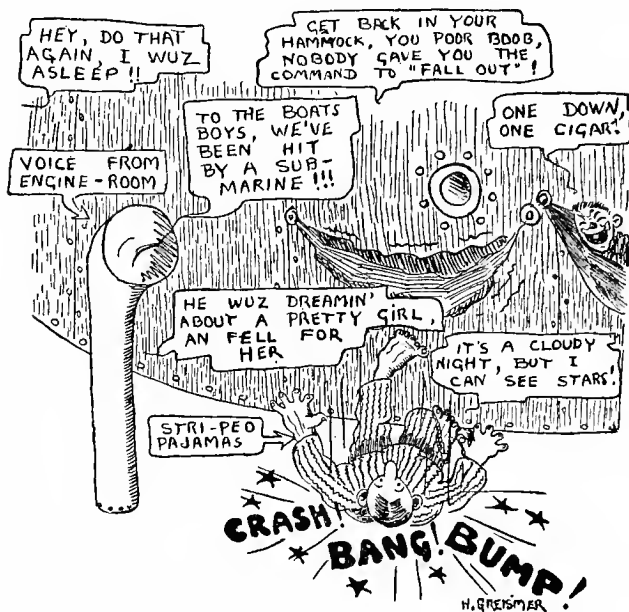
CHAPTER II

ON THE ATLANTIC

HIS Royal Majesty's Steamer *Orita* was a 9,290 ton twin-screw vessel formerly in the service of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company on a run to India. About 1,795 American troops were on board, Company C being the only complete unit. Captain Robert M. Davis, being the senior officer aboard, was placed in command of all the troops, and Lieutenant Pomerene was placed in temporary command of Company C. Lieutenant Rodgers was made Adjutant, and it was due to his energy in this position that things went so smoothly aboard the *Orita*.

The *Orita* arrived at Halifax, Nova Scotia, on Wednesday July 17th, and anchored in this city for the next three days awaiting the collection of the convoy. It was while here that we learned that the United States Cruiser *New York* had been sunk by a German sub-

marine just outside New York harbor, just one night after the *Orita* had passed that same point. If we had run across that submarine



Sergeant Hilferty Took a High Dive on the Way Over

the first night out from Philadelphia this tale would be quite a different story.

No shore passes were given to anyone while we lay in Halifax Harbor, although the city was especially attractive at just that time due

to the recent explosion of an ammunition ship which caused havoc to about one third of the city. The troops from the various ships were given exercise by rowing in the harbor. The ships slowly accumulated until twenty-two lay in the harbor, waiting the signal to depart. General Evans of the 79th Division was in command of all the troops in the fleet, estimated at 30,000.

On the morning of Saturday, July 22nd, the fleet left Halifax, passing out of the harbor in single file. Once at sea four columns were formed, led by a British battleship, and this formation was held until we reached Europe.

Considerable trouble was experienced with the food served the men. The officers of the *Orita* had formerly transported British soldiers only, and were totally unable to comprehend the gastronomic needs of American soldiers. It seemed that the four-o'clock tea was considered as equivalent to about three square meals in the British Army. At any rate the fish was not first class, and the other food wasn't exactly filling. The enlisted men felt that while His Majesty, King George was a fine fellow, he was a signal failure when it came to providing for an American soldier's stomach.

The daily inspection and boat drills took place with the usual army regularity. No lights were allowed on deck at night, and everyone had his life belt with him at all times. "Jimmie" Stack claims to have been



The Spoilt Fish on the *Orita*

the first man to scrub the decks of R. M. S. *Orita*. Stack forgot that life belts should be worn and got a little scrubbing to do as a reminder.

Daily formation drills were given by the fleet at the signal of the escorting battleship, flags being used on clear days, and a siren on foggy days. Perhaps no man in the Company

will ever hear a siren as long as he lives but that he will immediately recall those days and nights on the Atlantic.

It was on Monday, July 28th, that the word was passed around that an American flotilla of submarine chasers was approaching, and that we were entering the "danger zone." We had high regard for our British escort, but when that bunch of little American submarine chasers hove into sight we knew we were safe and would reach our destination. The American flag never looked quite so good as on that day.

On Tuesday morning, July 30th, the fleet was attacked by German submarines, and therein Company C experienced a thrill, and observed a sight which only a very few American troops were fortunate enough to witness—a submarine fight at sea. The fact that something was wrong was first called to our attention by a broadside from the British battleship, and the swift moving American submarine chasers. Next we heard the depth bombs begin to explode. The fight took place about two miles to our right and to our rear. The chasers could be plainly seen circling the position above the German sub-

marines, traveling at lightning speed and dropping depth bombs in their rear. Only one of the submarines was seen, as it sank nose foremost, but official messages were intercepted stating that four German submarines were sent to the bottom of the ocean that morning. Once again had the Stars and Stripes conquered the despot!

CHAPTER III

RECEPTION AT SWANSEA, WALES

PASSING to the south of Ireland the fleet entered St. George's Channel, and late in the afternoon of Tuesday the *Orita* separated from the remainder of the fleet, a request having been made from the city of Swansea that one shipload of troops be landed at that port. The *Orita*, on account of its light draft was chosen for that honor. The remainder of the fleet continued up the St. George's Channel, and entering the Irish Sea landed the troops at Liverpool, England.

For some reason the *Orita* did not stop at Swansea on Tuesday evening, but continued up the Bristol Channel, and passing through the chains which guarded the entrance to the River Severn, passed up that river, and Wednesday found us anchored off the mouth of the River Avon. It was upon rising that we had our first view of Merrie England. To the south of us lay Somerset and Gloucester,

and to the north lay Glamorgan and Monmouth. The neat English houses and far-famed landscape gardening looked like a beautiful map spread out before us, and the mere name, River Avon, recalled to our memories the name of that greatest of English dramatists.

About noon word was received to proceed at once to Swansea, South Wales, and the *Orita* once again turned her nose seaward and steamed slowly along the coast of Wales, giving the troops a most excellent view of the Welsh landscape. Passing Newport we came abreast of Cardiff which is one of the finest summer resorts of Wales. Thousands of bathers could be seen on the beach and their calls of welcome could plainly be heard across the waters. All the afternoon we cruised along the shores of Wales, and late in the afternoon passed through the chains guarding the entrance to Swansea Bay. The tide being out, it was necessary for the *Orita* to drop anchor in the bay, and the piers of Swansea were not reached till night had fallen.

Soon after anchoring in the bay a welcoming committee headed by Mayor Ben Jones representing the City of Swansea and General

Cuthbertson, special representative of King George, came aboard the *Orita* and were greeted by Captain Davis. After a few words of welcome aided by refreshments furnished from the "cellars" of the good ship *Orita*, the troops were lined up and were inspected by the Mayor and General Cuthbertson. The General won the hearts of the men by his kindly manner, and the many questions he asked relative to various insignia. The American rifle also was of interest to the General, and the manner of making up the "pack." After the inspection the distinguished guests were conducted to the bridge, from which the Mayor and General Cuthbertson addressed the troops assembled on the decks below. The good news was received that the city of Swansea was preparing a royal welcome for the American troops on the morrow and in response the men awoke the stillness by three lusty cheers for the Mayor (whom Captain Davis had introduced by mistake as the Lord Mayor) and for General Cuthbertson. After making the necessary arrangements for the celebration the committee returned to Swansea, and quiet settled down over the harbor.

Near midnight the *Orita* tied up at the

King's pier, and Welsh girls and boys sang songs of welcome till far into the night. Taps were called at 2 A. M.

In order that the details of this remarkable welcome may be set down for posterity direct quotations will be made from the *Cambria Daily Leader* of Thursday afternoon, August 1, 1918.

The following letter of welcome from King George was handed to every American soldier landing in England and Wales:

WINDSOR CASTLE

Soldiers of the United States, the people of the British Isles welcome you on your way to take your stand beside the Armies of many Nations now fighting in the Old World the great battle for human freedom.

The Allies will gain new heart and spirit in your company. I wish that I could shake the hand of each one of you and bid you God-speed on your mission.

(signed) GEORGE R. I.

April, 1918.

“The march of the American troops to the Guildhall to receive a civic welcome from the Mayor Ald. Ben Jones, and the burgesses was

marked by the tremendous enthusiasm with which the townspeople hailed these gallant representatives of our newest Ally. The thousands of spectators who lined the thoroughfares en route to the Guildhall cheered with all their might. And added to these cheers were the shrill sounds of sirens, works' hooters, buzzers, and the explosion of detonators. It was, indeed, an impressive welcome, one which the visitors hugely enjoyed and appreciated. They responded with counter lusty cheers and hat-waving.

"All the way it was a triumph. The streets were packed with people. Such crowds have not gathered in Swansea since the visit of King Edward. And such cheering has not been heard during the war! Swansea has not forgotten how to cheer! The children contributed to the success of the event. Their lusty welcome touched the hearts of the Americans, and indeed touched the hearts of all. Swansea has forged a strong link in the companionship of the two great peoples.

"As General Cuthbertson said later in the day, Swansea gave a Royal Welsh welcome to the visitors.

"The Sammies were early afoot. Among

the first arrivals were General Cuthbertson (Western Division) and Major Bertie Perkins, and a number of other officers, who exhibited the liveliest interest in the event, and were highly pleased with the smart appearance of the visitors, who were fully equipped—"to the last button" as the saying goes—and looked a fine, sturdy lot of fighters.

"The band of the Lancashire Fusiliers was in attendance, also a Guard of Honor, composed of men of the same regiment, all expeditionary men who have seen service in one or the other of the theatres of this great conflict. They were in command of Lieutenant Short, who was accompanied by the Chaplain of the regiment, the Rev. Canon J. Watkins Jones (Christ Church) and other officers. The men all wore a red and white floral favor in their caps, this being the anniversary of the Battle of Minden, in which the Lancashire Fusiliers, of glorious memory, distinguished themselves, as they have in the present war, more Victoria Crosses being awarded to members of this notable regiment than any other unit of the British Army.

"At the appointed time, the military orders were given to the men to 'form fours,' fol-

lowed by the prompt command to 'march,' and a start was made for the Guildhall. Headed by mounted police and the band of the Lancashire Fusiliers, playing the stirring and familiar strain of 'Marching through Georgia,' the men moved toward the Guildhall. They were a chirpy lot of fellows, and responded with good nature to the cheering observations from the spectators. In reply to the sentiment of the crowd wishing them 'Good luck and a safe return,' the Sammies smiled good humoredly, and said 'Sure! we shall be coming down this way again one of these days!'

"As the advance to the town was made the crowds along the pathways became more dense, and there was one long vociferous chorus of cheering until the Guildhall was reached.

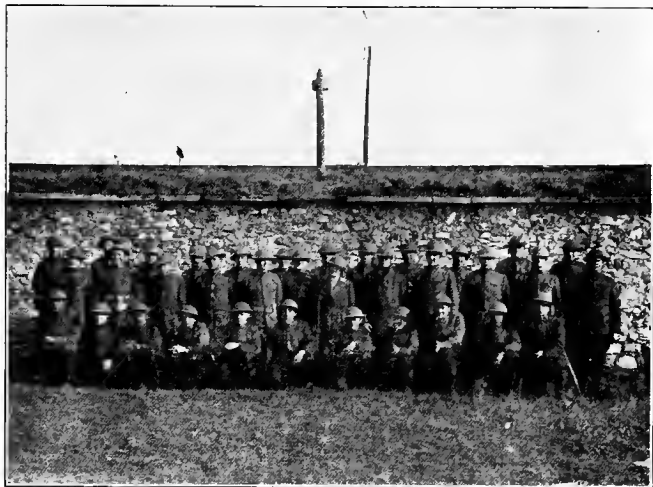
"When the Guildhall was reached, close on the appointed time, the enthusiasm was manifestly on the increase. Crowds were waiting to see the troops march in, and as they filed in around the yard, facing a specially erected platform, they were cheered to the echo.

"Among those present were the Mayor, Ald. Ben Jones, and Mayoress, General Cuth-

bertson, Captain Ley, R. N., Major and Mrs. Bertie Perkins, Major Harries, Captain Robert M. Davis (in command of the American troops), the Chief Constable (Captain Alf Thomas), the Deputy Chief Constable, Col. Alex Sinclair, Mr. A. W. E. Wynne (chairman Chamber of Commerce), Mr. H. J. Marshall (Secretary of the Chamber), Mr. P. W. Philips (Harbour Trust), Mr. Paul Cocks, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Holmes, Mr. E. J. Parker, Mr. W. Owen, Mr. Dan Jones, Mr. Ivor Gwynne and Mrs. Gwynne, Mr. J. H. Lee, Mr. A. H. Thomas, Mrs. J. P. Devereux, Mrs. Wynne, Mr. and Mrs. Moorehead (American Consulate), Mr. Roger Beck, Mrs. Bertie Perkins, Ald. Dd. Jones, Mrs. Davies, Mr. Watts Jones, Mr. Roderick (Town Clerk's Office), and Mrs. Roderick, Mr. J. W. Davies (Markets Manager), Mr. Heath (Borough Surveyor), and many others whose names could not be ascertained.

“Before the actual ceremony began the Police Band played the ‘Star Spangled Banner,’ and the Postal Messengers also gave a selection.

“The troops were then told—and they seemed heartily pleased about it—that they could unsling their packs.



The "Gang" at Villeneuve Le Roi



Loading "Beans" at Port Villeneuve Le Roi



The "Billet" at Villeneuve Le Roi, Headquarters of Company C.,
57th Engineers



The Barracks at Villeneuve Le Roi

“The Mayor, who was received with loud cheers—and can’t the Americans cheer! said he was very pleased to welcome to Swansea such a fine body of men. (Applause). ‘America and Britain were at one at present, and he felt sure they would always remain so. They were all out with one great object, to fight against the Prussian, to fight for liberty.’

“At this juncture the Mayor observed Colonel Wright coming toward the platform, accompanied by Mrs. Wright, and he paused saying, ‘Let us get this youngster on the platform,’ (Laughter and Applause). After Colonel Wright and Mrs. Wright had mounted the platform to the accompaniment of loud cheering, the Mayor said Colonel and Mrs. Wright had carried on a hospital of their own since the commencement of the war.

“Three hearty cheers were given by the troops for Colonel and Mrs. Wright.

“Continuing, the Mayor said they in Great Britain owed the Americans a debt of gratitude. (Applause). America did not come into a thing in a hurry, but once they put their hands to the plough they were determined to carry the thing through—and they

would do so with the united efforts of England and the Colonies. He felt sure that when these men got to France they would acquit themselves with credit to America. (Applause). With the turn in events during the last fortnight he hoped and believed that these new troops would contribute very materially to bring the war to a speedy conclusion.

“He was glad to discover that these American soldiers had many relatives in Swansea. They were also, remarked the Mayor, ‘very glad to see Captain Davis with them, a Welsh-American (applause) who is in command of the American troops.’

“In conclusion the speaker told the troops that they would find Swansea as loyal a town as any they would visit. From Swansea 15,000 soldiers had been sent to the front—a very good percentage for a small town. (Applause). They would not get anywhere a warmer welcome than the people of Swansea gave them, nor would their interest be dearer to any people than to the people of Swansea. ‘Here you will get a right, royal, Welsh welcome.’ (Loud applause and ringing cheers from the troops.)

“Mr. A. W. E. Wynne (President of the Swansea Chamber of Commerce), who was also heartily received—for the Americans are an enthusiastic lot of men—said he welcomed them warmly on behalf of the commercial community of the town. This was a proud day for Swansea—the proudest day in its history. (Applause). The British and the French people welcomed them not as cousins now but as brothers. (Applause). In Swansea Old Glory and Union Jack flew together. ‘We are proud to welcome you to our town, and I wish you God-speed and good luck.’ (Applause).

“The Mayor said America was very proud of its Carnegie, and they in Swansea were also proud of their Carnegie, and he, the Mayor now called on him to speak.

“Mr. Roger Beck, who was loudly acclaimed, said the men did not want to hear any more ‘chin music.’ (Laughter). They wanted to get about and see the town, and he hoped their chins would soon be wagging as a result of the good things provided for their refreshment at the Drill Hall.

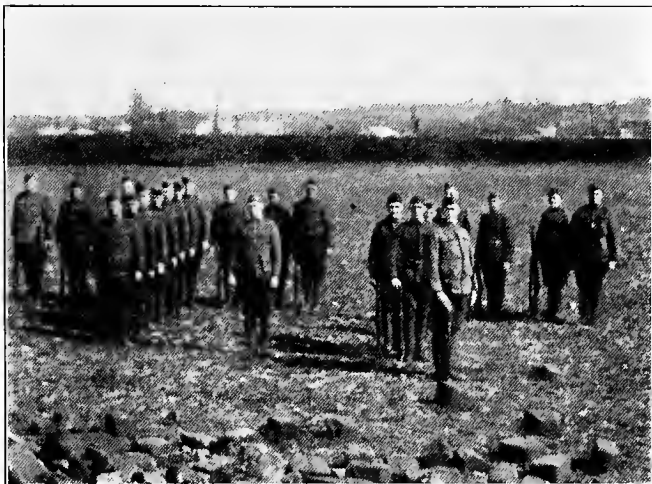
“General Cuthbertson, who addressed the men as ‘Comrades of the American Army,’ said

the British Tommy held out his hands to them in welcome, and as soldiers they were proud to fight side by side with the Americans. (Applause). He congratulated them on their magnificent steadiness yesterday and to-day. 'With you beside us we cannot possibly do anything but win this war.' (Loud cheers). On behalf of his Commander-in-chief, General Sir William Campbell, he extended to them a grateful welcome, and wished them success and glory on the other side.

"Ald. Dd. Davies said all America's wars were wars for freedom, and this war—the greatest in the history of the world—was for the freedom of the nations of the world. Old Glory was going to be invested with a new glory. (Cheers). Christ died to make men holy. They were going to fight—and die if need be—to make men free.

"Mr. Moorhead, the American consul, said to-day was the proudest day of his life. He was glad to see the boys coming over for freedom.

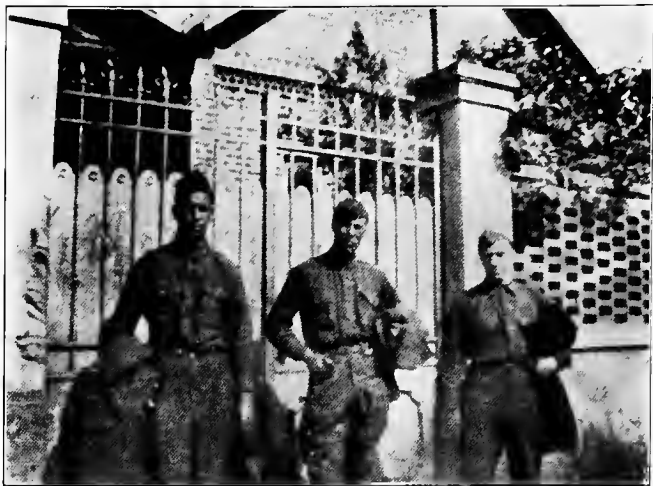
"Captain Davis, the American Commander, received a vociferous welcome on being called on to speak. He said, 'When I was coming up the steps of the platform I was



After a Little Drill, and Those Famous Coal Briquettes at Villeneuve
Le Roi



The Barracks and Port of Villeneuve Le Roi



The Gate to the "Billet" at Villeneuve Le Roi



The Little French Mascot of Port Villeneuve Le Roi

asked whether I would not like to stay longer in Swansea. Now, boys, what do you think about it?' he demanded of his men. Like a thunderbolt came one hoarse, solid, all-powerful 'YES.' And then these boys from the Atlantic shores broke into a storm of cheers. The Captain went on to say: 'This is only a small unit of the American Army, gentlemen: we are coming over by our tens of thousands and by our hundreds of thousands—(applause) in order that your husbands, your sons, your fathers, and your sweethearts may come home to you as soon as possible.' (Renewed applause).

"'We have a little job to do over there, and it may take yet a little while to do it. But we are going to get behind the old Hindenburg line—and push, and push until little old Fritz will be glad to acknowledge that a man can live in this world and be at peace with his fellowmen.' (Loud applause).

"'But now,' added the Commander, with a smile, 'we have some good things to eat, and that will appeal to most of you. (Laughter). I thank you very much for what you have done. It means an awful lot to us because we are very far away from home, and some of

the boys are very homesick. I thank you on behalf of the American Army.' (Loud cheers).

"The British National Anthem was then played by the band, the American officers standing at the salute.

"Packs were adjusted and the troops with smiling faces, marched smartly out from the yard to the accompaniment of the cheers, flag-waving, and shouts of welcome.

"Swansea, on short notice, prepared the warmest welcome for the Americans. The whole route from the Guildhall to the Drill Hall flared with flags, especially the Stars and Stripes. Every window was animated color and enthusiasm, and never did the volume of cheers die down until the last man had gone at quick pace into the Drill Hall.

"First came two mounted policemen, then the band of the South Wales Borderers, after them the Lancashire Fusiliers, under Captain R. E. Toms, and then—the Americans, fine, heavy, hard-muscled men, upright under their heavy loads, enthusiastic and triumphant.

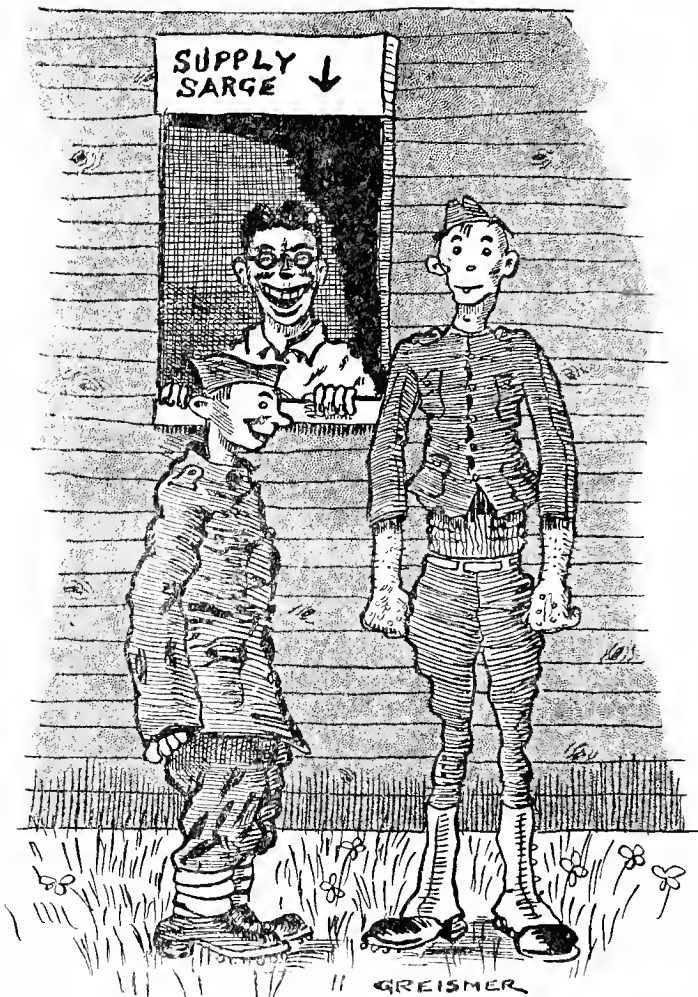
"In Cambria-place a big detachment of Bluejackets was lined up with Lieutenant Commander Buckeridge in charge, in absence of the senior officer.

"The Borderers, the police, and the telegraph men filled the air with martial music and a railway engine made joyful noise. The railway in Harbour Road constituted a fine platform, and as the troops swung under the bridge and marched up Wind-street, toward Ben Evens' the roar of applauding shouts was continuous, and enthusiasm reached its height.

"The salute was taken at the Vivian monument by General Cuthbertson supported by Captain Ley, Commander of the Garrison, and other officers. The Capital and Counties Bank had two giant flags, Stars and Stripes and Union Jack, side by side, and they improved the shining hour with a big notice, 'Dollars exchanged.'

"Another giant Stars and Stripes exposed in Ben Evens' window, went far toward covering the street.

"It was a homely sort of march, the Americans recognizing the cheers everywhere with up-raised hands, and impromptu greetings. Many hands were clasped with those across the sea, the Americans mainly choosing elderly ladies and little children for the honor. Occasionally they broke into an American war



Those Uniforms Sergeant Burkinshaw Used to "Stick" on Us. He said They'd Fit but He Didn't Say Who

song. Street hawkers urged the public not to forget the colors. There was no danger of that.

“The most thoroughly enthusiastic reception accorded to the visiting soldiers on their ‘march past’ was that given them by the school children of Swansea in the great open space in front of the Royal Institution, where the scenes and the sounds, the brightness and the gaiety were almost indescribable. In order to avert difficulties from the traffic, and in order that young Swansea might witness the type and demeanour of the men who were crossing the Atlantic in hundreds of thousands to help humanity in the great world war, the route of the procession had been diverted, so that the soldiers might march between the Royal Institution and the Sailors’ Rest, and so that the children grouped on the steps of the massive building and lining the route should see and hear and give the men from America their own real reception.

“From early morning the children had been wending their way to their particular rendezvous, and before 10:30—although the procession was not expected to pass along until 11:15—the sight from the center of the chil-

dren's meeting-place was an inspiring one. Trooping in to swell the multitude already gathered there came the children, school after school, marching in twos, carrying flags, and wearing expectant smiles and holiday clothing. These, with little direction except a word or two to the teachers by Mr. Cann, clerk at the Education Office, took their places in two long rows.

“On the roofs of the Exchange and the great offices were boys and women—probably office boys and clerks—the railway bridge parapet was lined with railway men; the telegraph poles held biggish boys who had footed the projecting iron steps to a great height, and as the line wore on, a huge sea of upturned faces and the glint of bright eyes certainly made the scene an extraordinary one.

“When the Mayor, in his robes, and a party passed through in a motor car, the reception really began, for the delighted youngsters cheered and cheered, to the evident delight of the worthy Welsh Alderman. Then, after a lull, the strains of the first band were heard, and silence prevailed until it came in sight, and the British Tommies who followed were given part of the reception which was to come when the Americans strode into sight.

“The children passed remarks about the sons of Amak who led the way with each group, or detachment, but they had no time to talk much, for there was cheering to be done, which they did with voice and heart and soul. It was inspiring, and when a burly American soldier saluted respectfully to the children, there was an outburst that fairly awoke the echoes from sea and sky. Of course, the enthusiasm caught on among the supposed stoical Americans. For in the next batch of men, there was one who started cheering, in reply to the children, and the soldiers took up his shout with joy. But it was when an undoubtedly Welshy Welsh-American soldier shouted a greeting in his best American that there arose a mighty cheer which showed that the children of Swansea appreciated the counter-enthusiasm of the American troops.

“Yes, the whole march past the children’s section was a wonderful sight, which will carry its picture in the minds of the school children of Swansea as long as they live, and will impress American soldiers with the certainty that there are no pacifists among the rising generation of Abertawe.

“A fine incident occurred which will be long remembered by all those who witnessed it, when the Company C of the 57th Engineers was passing in front of the Letricheux Buildings, amidst an indescribable roar of cheer, making their way through a sea of flags. Out of one of the windows of the firm of Ingram and Company a young lady threw down a horseshoe, which had been kept by the firm for years. It fell just in front of Lieutenant Phil. K. Rodgers. He stooped, picked it up, and smiled when he saw that the emblem of luck was made of ‘papier machée,’ and a clever imitation it was indeed, and no doubt the young lady would not have been so eager to satisfy her patriotism had it been a real one, as it might have spoiled the fine complexion of the officer. But the latter immediately saw the intention of good will attached to the deed and gave a smart salute at the window whence the stroke of luck had come, which drew a fresh roar of cheers from the crowd, after which the immediate thought of his men came to him, and though the deed was really meant for him, he turned round and handed the horseshoe over to one of the soldiers, who put it to his lips and buried it in his tunic.



Villeneuve Le Roi on a Busy Day



The Warehouse and a Couple of Cranes at Grigny



Passing Under the Bridge at Grigny



A Street in Ris Orangis

"Arriving at the Drill Hall the men were called upon to give three cheers for the United States and the Allies. Afterward they went into the Vetch Field, where each man was given an envelope containing the King's welcome to American troops in South Wales, and afterward they were served with sandwiches, mineral waters and coffee. Several thousands of bags of sandwiches were expeditiously served to the men. Another interesting feature was the opening of branch banks at the Hotel Metropole and Vetch Field for the change of dollar notes into English Treasury notes. So great was the volume of business at the Vetch Field that it took five clerks to carry out the work.

"During the time the visitors were at the Vetch Field, and up to the time of their departure for the train, the bands mentioned discoursed music, and the Sammies indulged in the pastime of dancing in the most up-to-date American fashion. Some of the men displayed remarkable grace in their gyrations, and their performance was watched by visitors with not a little interest. Pictures were taken of the troops, and will be shown later in the week at the Carlton and picture houses.

Captain Davis of the American forces thanked Mr. Shakleton, conductor of the Swansea Police Band for their music, which he said the boys enjoyed very much. Among those who visited the Vetch Field were the Mayoress (Mrs. Benj. Jones) and Miss Jones.

“The officers were entertained at luncheon by the Mayor at the Hotel Metropole on Thursday afternoon. His Worship presided, and he was supported by Captain Davis, General Cuthbertson, Mr. Moorhead, the American Consul, Major Perkins, Mr. Roger Beck, Colonel Wright; and the company, though small, was representative of all the interests of Swansea life.

“The American officers were seated among the general company, and fraternizations were speedy and hearty. Autographs were freely exchanged, indeed that awkward pause in most functions known as the breaking of the ice did not occur at this function. There was a disposition to make the most of the little time that the Welsh and Americans could spend together.

“The toasts of the ‘King and the American President,’ were honored and then the Mayor proposed ‘The American Army,’ coupling

with it the name of Captain Davis. The Mayor said they in Swansea were delighted with the sight they had seen that morning. The Americans could now see for themselves what the people of Swansea thought of them. The bond of friendship between old Abertawe and America had always been close, but now it was closer—it was unbreakable. They stood united until they saw that menace which they united to fight put away forever.

“Captain Davis, who was received with immense cheering, made a response which was well received. He ended his remarks by proposing a toast ‘to the Mayor,’ and the Americans honored it in a distinctive way with cheers which showed training in this art, and with the singing of:

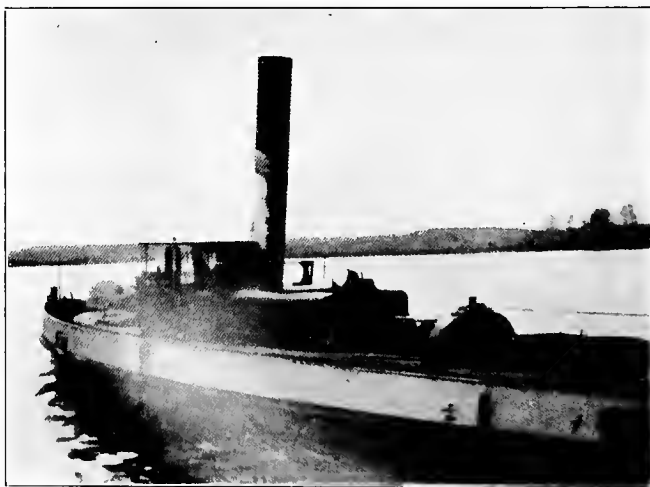
“Hail, hail, the gang’s all here,
What the Hell do we care now!”

“General Cuthbertson, who also had a mighty reception, spoke. He hoped the Americans would win their spurs in the same wonderful way as the 38th Welsh Division.

“All the way from the Drill Hall to the Great Western Station the route was thronged



Railroad Station at Juvisy



One of the "Old Wrecks"

"Packets of cigarettes were opened and distributed, sweets and chocolate were exchanged, and nothing was left undone to give the Americans just cause to remember their visit to Swansea, short in point of time as it was.

"‘They look pretty stiff lads, don’t you think?’ asked an old man near the station of his friend.

"‘Yes,’ replied his friend, ‘we have waited some time for America, but now that they are here, they are, as they would say, *the real goods*.’

"Admiration was undisguised, praise unstinted, and many American arms must have ached after all the handshaking that was done as they proceeded to the station.

"But that is not all. These healthy, fit-for-anything, clean-limbed young men—and their youth was the subject of comment—made as deep an impression upon the children of Swansea as upon anyone else. The children were certainly the most rousingly vociferous, the most unblushingly abandon in their spontaneity. One little chap in High Street was unsparing in his contribution to the general welcome and the send-off, because at High

Street the two were combined. From the bottom of the street right up to the station, this joyous youngster ran, shouting for all he was worth: 'Three cheers for the Yanks! Three cheers for the Yanks.' Whatever anyone else did he was determined to be in the forefront. He could not be seen at all in the crush, but his voice—oh his voice—is sure to be an abiding memory.

"Spasmodically some of the troops would give vent to hoarse, weird cries—'war cries' a Swansea girl dubbed them—and to the delight of all there were answering shouts from the multitude. Electric light stands afforded some athletic individuals an excellent vantage ground. Traps and cars were filled, and anything which was high enough to give any view at all, whether it was of firm or unstable foundation, was commandeered. There were men on top of the station roof who had a fine sight of all that took place. It has been a time of great, warm, large-hearted welcomes, and although many people had been crushed and jostled about in the crowds, August 1, 1918, is a day that will never be forgotten, because no one desires to forget it. Swansea had read of the Americans before. Now,

however, Swansea knows the Americans personally. Swansea has seen them, admired them. Swansea loves them. This old town has a deep personal interest from this time onward in the American factor of the European War."

During the day spent in Swansea the following telegram from the members of the Swansea Branch of the Comrades of the Great War was received from the Secretary:

Please convey to the officers, N.C.O.'s and men under your command congratulations on arrival. Wishing you all success in the great World's War in helping to destroy the military menace of Germany.

(Signed) E. J. DAVIES.

The following letter was subsequently received from the Mayor of Swansea:

Guildhall, Swansea, Wales.
August 5, 1918.

DEAR CAPTAIN DAVIS,

I thank you much indeed for your very kind letter and can assure you that we appreciate exceedingly the good things you say about our efforts when you were with us, efforts which were not only an honor but

also an unbounded pleasure for us to make, and our only regret is that opportunity was not given us to do more.

Please accept from the people of Swansea and myself every good and fervent wish for your welfare, and kindly also convey this sentiment to your officers and men coupling with it to you all the hope we shall have the honor and pleasure of again seeing you in Swansea.

Again with every good wish

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

BEN JONES,
Mayor of Swansea.

The following letter was received from the Commanding Officer of the British Troops at Swansea:

Garrison Headquarters,
Swansea, Wales
August 8, 1918.

DEAR CAPTAIN DAVIS;

I desire to express my appreciation of the excellent conduct of the Officers and Men under your Command during the visit of your Troops to Swansea on Thursday last, August 1st. Their discipline and conduct was excellent, and I have not received a single complaint either from my Military or from the civil Police.

I may add that they created an excellent impression in this Town, and it is the wish of all of us that we shall see you all again here in the near future.

I anticipate that the Troops who passed through Swansea are now somewhat scattered, but shall be glad if you will pass on my thanks and appreciation to all ranks concerned.

I remain, dear Captain Davis

Yours faithfully,

A. A. PERKINS,

Major.

Commanding Swansea Garrison and Competent Military Authority.

CHAPTER IV

FROM SWANSEA TO FRANCE

COMPANY C left Swansea on the Great Western Railroad at about 5:30 o'clock P. M. August 1st bound for Winchester, England. A most enjoyable ride was experienced through Wales and England, passing through the well known cities of Cardiff, Bristol, Westbury, and Salisbury, and arriving at Winchester at about midnight. A stiff uphill hike was then necessary to reach the "Rest Camp," arriving at about 1:30 A. M., Friday, August 2nd. This was the Company's first experience at a so-called "Rest Camp," and it was very similar to the experiences at other "Rest Camps." In going over to France it seemed that the "Rest Camps" were everything but "Rest," while a year later on the road back to America these camps had changed their nature, they were entirely too "darn" restful.

Only one day was spent at Winchester, the

Company leaving Saturday morning, August 3rd, for Southampton. Several hours were spent at this important English port and most of the men obtained passes to the city proper. The Company sailed from Southampton at about 4:00 P. M. of the same day.

The English Channel was crossed that night, and some poor deluded individual came pretty close to sending the whole outfit to the bottom of those cold waters. About midnight the cry of "ship torpedoed" went up, and everybody was on his feet and on deck in an instant. In the darkness there was much confusion, but the troops were soon quieted, and the explanation made that the report came from the dropping of a large piece of iron in the hold of the vessel. At any rate a good night's rest was spoiled.

Early Sunday morning, August 4th, all hands were peering into the gloom trying to distinguish the outlines of France. Soon we passed the outer seawall and were in the Harbor of Le Havre, France. Another unit of the American Army had won over the submarine terror of the German Empire, and were reporting for duty with their comrades and the Allied Armies.

CHAPTER V

FROM LE HAVRE TO PARIS

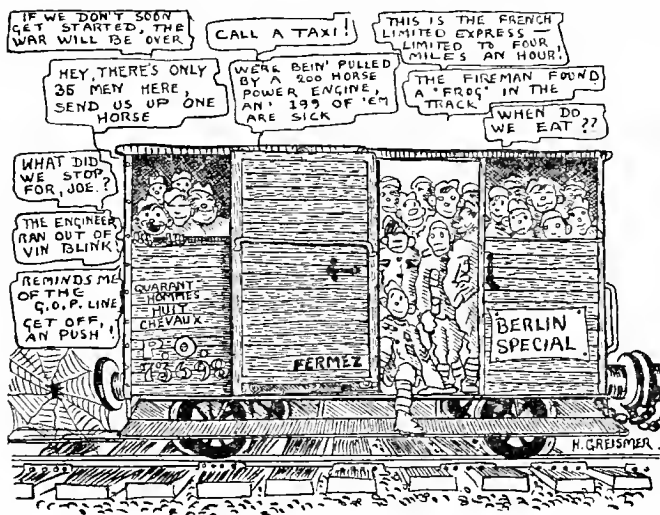
SO THIS was France! We marveled at the strange sights, the people, the quaint houses, the queer language spoken in France, and the numberless other things that flashed before our eyes.

We disembarked immediately after breakfast and commenced another long five-mile-up-hill hike to a "Rest Camp," passing along one of the bathing beaches of the city of Le Havre. We were immediately greeted by French kiddies, who knew enough of the English language to rob the Troops of their cigarettes, or anything else they might happen to possess which would do as a souvenir. We soon learned the meaning of "40 hommes et 8 chevaux," "billets," "vin blanc," "pommes de terre," and "souvenirs pour papa et mama."

The Le Havre "Rest Camp" wasn't quite as hospitable as the camp at Winchester, for

we didn't even linger long enough to get a full night's sleep. But started hiking for the railroad station at 2:30 A. M. next morning, leaving Le Havre at 5:30 A. M. for Paris.

Traveling in France wasn't exactly like



"Forty Men or Eight Horses"

being a passenger on the Twentieth Century Limited between New York and Chicago. Most troops traveled in box cars, but Company C was lucky enough to enter Paris in third class passenger coaches. On leaving Paris some ten months later box cars served

our purpose, but any old thing looked good at that time, just so it was headed for a Port of Embarkation:

The following orders were laid down for the behavior of troops while traveling:

“The Commanding Officer of the train will be held responsible that all ranks, before departure, are made acquainted with the following orders:

1. No officer or man is allowed on top of cars or vehicles.

2. No officer or man is allowed on the engine or in the compartments set apart for the railroad staff.

3. No man is allowed to leave the train except at authorized stopping places and then only on order of the Commanding Officer.

4. No beer, wine or spirits will be allowed on the train.

5. Any man left behind at a station will report at once to the R. T. O. or if there is none present to the Commissaire Militaire.

6. When the train is moving all carriage doors will be kept closed.

7. Reserve rations will not be touched except on order of competent authority.

8. Under no circumstances will rations be destroyed, thrown away, or given away.

9. Bottles or other articles are not to be thrown from the window.

10. Rubbish will be put under the seats.
11. No one will be allowed on the running board while the train is in motion."

Company C arrived at Paris at 5:00 P. M. the same day, and were greeted by the German "Big Bertha" which was very busy shelling Paris. A shell entered the city about every seven minutes.

The Company was greeted at the station by Captain Ashley, and received orders to proceed to Grigny where Companies A and B were camped. Ris Orangis was reached at about 7:00 P. M. and a hike of a mile brought the Company to Camp Grigny, the first real resting place in some time.

The enthusiasm of the Company may be summed up in the expression heard on all sides, "When do we eat?"

And so Company C, 57th Engineers, reported for duty with the A. E. F. As a unit, however, we practically ceased to exist until the day the Company received orders to en-train for Le Mans.

CHAPTER VI

REORGANIZATION OF THE REGIMENT

DURING September 1918 company form of administration was modified, and a large portion of the company functions were taken over by the I. W. T. headquarters office in Paris, with Captain, later Major, Carl Ashley in charge. On the first of October the 57th Engineers ceased to exist officially, being transferred into the 57th Regiment Transportation Corps and assigned to the Inland Waterway Transport Service for duty, under the command of Colonel L. E. Lyon. In January the Company was made a part of the 12th Grand Division of the Transportation Corps, and Company C became officially known as the 124th Company Transportation Corps. This designation was used till the Company was discharged from the Army.

It is very doubtful, however, if half of the men in the Company knew that such a company as "124" existed. To all the officers and men these new designations were necessary evils

which must be endured temporarily, but within themselves the members of the Company recognized only one designation, namely, "Company C, 57th Engineers." It is only by that designation do we wish to be remembered by posterity.

Much discussion was caused by the dismemberment of the 57th Engineers, and transfer of men in and out of each company. Such a condition of affairs was bound to disrupt the spirit which made American soldiers such a force with the Allies. Pride of Company and fellowship such as springs from long contact of man to man was of course impossible. The Inland Waterway Regiment, as the 57th Engineers was designated at the time of organization in America, was a provisional organization, and it was hardly to be expected that such a regiment could remain a separate unit. Our superior Officers in line with their plan of organization of the A. E. F. thought best to disorganize the regiment and join it with the Transportation Corps. As good soldiers the men of Company C accepted these decisions with cheerfulness, although with regret that the Regiment and Company spirit must go.

The commanding officers of the Inland Waterway Regiment were men kindly in spirit, and with the wish to do all possible for the comfort of the men commensurate with



"My Boy!"

military rigidity. Colonel L. E. Lyon was a man of large engineering experience in civil life. His duties did not bring him much into contact with the men of the Company, but when he did visit the various camps to which men of Company C were detailed he showed a kindness of spirit and judgment of engineering affairs which left a lasting impression on the men. Colonel Lyon, upon the completion of his duties as the Commanding Officer of the Inland Waterway Regiment, successfully passed the examinations for the Corps of Engineers in the Regular Army, and upon his return to America was assigned to take charge of the Philadelphia District, with offices at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Major Carl Ashley, Colonel Lyon's able assistant, made himself a real father to the Regiment. He was directly in charge of the Paris Headquarters, and superintended all the field work of the Inland Waterway Regiment. The manner in which he accomplished this work will always remain a pleasant memory to the officers and men of the old 57th Engineers. Fair and square always, he won the love and respect of all with whom he came in contact. His management of the French

officials with all their peculiar ways was always a source of wonder to the officers of the Regiment. Major Ashley brought into the service an engineering experience unsurpassed in the A. E. F., and a major portion of the excellent work which our Company and its sister companies accomplished must be credited to the efficiency of this able officer.

Captain Davis, the Company Commander, made his headquarters at the Port of Ville-neuve Le Roi, where he also acted as Superintendent of that Port. When the Port of Villeneuve Le Roi was closed in March, 1919, Captain Davis moved his headquarters to the Port of Grigny, and he was also made Superintendent of that Port.

Company A, Captain S. L. Thomsen in command, made its headquarters at Le Havre. Company B, Captain S. E. Lawrence in command, made its headquarters at Grigny, until transferred out of the Paris District to Nantes in January 1919. Company D, 1st Lieutenant Henry in command, made its headquarters at St. Mammes. Company D was really the only company in the Regiment which was able to keep a fairly close organization.



Along the river near Juvisy



The Locomotive Used for Switching Cars at Port of Grigny



German Remains in "Place de la Concorde," Paris. Statue to City of Lille in Left of Picture



"L'Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile," where France has Placed Her Unknown Poilu

CHAPTER VII

PORT OF VILLENEUVE LE ROI

We didn't pack no gat or rifle, we didn't juggle pick
or spade,
Nor go gunnin' peevisish Germans in no dashin' mid-
night raid;
But we hit the coal pile early, and we hit the coal pile
late,
And there wasn't any limits on the daily amount of
freight.
No, we weren't no snappy bunch of soldiers, and our
daily round of drills
Included a lot of movements minus military frills;
But we drilled them bloomin' box-cars, double-timing
on the bends,
And we slammed 'em full of boxes till they busted at the
ends.

A FEW days after arrival at Camp Grigny about twenty-five men were ordered to the Port of Villeneuve Le Roi, a small town on the Seine River about ten miles above Paris. This Port was designated chiefly as a coal unloading Port, but a

large amount of assorted Quartermaster material was also unloaded and placed on cars for transportation to the front lines of the American Army.



Two Mademoiselles work Sergeant Balling for his Fountain Pen

The "billet" was a brick building consisting of four rooms with concrete floors. Prior to the War it had been a patent medicine factory, and some chemical work had also been done in behalf of the French Army. It is probable that this was the most comfort-

able billet in France as far as shelter and convenience was concerned.

Lieutenant Philander K. Rodgers was placed in charge of this camp, reporting to Captain Davis who continued to maintain the Company headquarters at Port Grigny during August. Lieut. Rodgers, although the most recently appointed officer in the Company, had shown unusual ability from his entrance into the Company. He had attended training camp, been promoted through all the non-commissioned posts, and finally received the commission as a Second Lieutenant of Engineers. There was no man in the Company with a better background, both for military command and for superintending the field operations of an unloading port. A hard worker, strict disciplinarian, but of most amiable disposition, Lieutenant Rodgers won the respect and friendship of every officer and man in the Company. He truly represented the highest type of American officer. Lieutenant Rodgers was recommended for promotion just prior to the signing of the Armistice and the recommendation was approved by the Commanding Officer of the Regiment, but subsequent to the Armistice all recommendations for promotions were

refused at General Headquarters, and Lieutenant Rodgers returned to America in the same grade as he went over.

Lieutenant Rodgers immediately abolished the regular army "regime" of day guards, billet guard, night guard, switch tender and water-boy, and the old time army gait, "dead slow and stop." Every man was put to work, with emphasis on the word "work." Some comment was caused of course, but the soldier of the A. E. F. like his brothers of the sea had one privilege at least, "growl you may, but work you must."

The men of Company C who were located at Villeneuve Le Roi did just about everything but pull the barges out on dry land. But the most remarkable feat will always be remembered as the "Battle of the Charbon Pile," and it was here that the fighting 57th had most of its casualties.

When the company commenced unloading coal at this Port they were shown a small triangular tract of land on which to dump the coal. Some argument was held as to the probability of the tract being too small, upon which one of the wiser ones of the men remarked "does the Capt. think he's going to store all



A Full Size Engine for a Small Size Track



The Canal at Saint Denis



The Barracks During the Flood



"Le Quai de Seine"—Saint Mammes

the coal in France?" That man lived to see that triangular tract covered with a pile of bituminous coal more than thirty feet in depth, and two other equally large piles of coal in other parts of the Port.

Narrow gage tracks connected the coal dock with the coal dump. Our rolling stock consisted of steel hand cars fitted with hopper bottoms, capacity per car about eight hundred pounds. The motor power per car was a yoke of buck privates. During the War three shifts of eight hours each were worked, and even after the Armistice two shifts were quite common.

The manner in which the men of Company C accomplished that job of hard, dirty, unheralded service for their country is one of the sweetest memories in the war picture gallery of their officers and fellow men. To do a brilliant thing within earshot of the applaud of fair women, or to surmount the impossible under the strain of intense excitement is to do but the expected. But to do what these men did, away from the glare of all incentive but their country's need, and to do it willingly, gladly, is one of the greatest examples of heroism recorded in the great World War.

In the nine months at Villeneuve Le Roi these men of Company C unloaded and piled more than 70,000 tons of coal. But unloading of coal was not by any means the only work accomplished at this Port. Over 30,000 tons of beans, soap, milk, chocolate, canned beef, hay, oats, cement, etc., were unloaded from the barges and onto the dinky little French box cars for transportation to the front. And about 10,000 tons of steel beams and other steel and sheet iron were sent to the boys "further up."

One of the most difficult things encountered at these unloading ports was not the unloading of the barges, but the securing of cars for the materials. It seemed at times as if the railroad company officials enjoyed keeping cars away from the Ports which were being operated by the American troops. Sometimes a whole week would pass without so much as a single car being left on the siding. It was exasperating to see train loads of empties go past the billet, and also to find strings of empties on the sidings at the next railroad station which had lain there for several days. If transportation facilities could have been obtained when needed, there is no doubt

but that the Company would have made a much greater record.

And what does our immediate superior officer, Major Ashley, say about it all? "At Villeneuve Le Roi it fell to the lot of many men to perform hard and disagreeable manual labor, day and night shift, unloading coal themselves, and superintending the labors of the labor battalion at the port. The total of 70,000 tons of coal unloaded there represented many days and nights of work. The unloading record of the Inland Water Transport Service is certainly held by Company C, both on coal and other general merchandise. It is all the more to their credit that they performed this labor with a will and enthusiasm."

Is such a statement from one's superior officer not the same as a "medal of honor"? Could the men of Company C ask that more be said? After all, the stevedoring and the coal pile seemed heart-breakers, but the fight of making both ends meet since the return to civilian life makes the worst times we had in France seem but amusing recollections.

One of the most dreaded happenings at the Port of Villeneuve Le Roi was the danger

that the coal pile would catch on fire from combustion. This coal was all from England, and for the most part was fine bituminous. To detect any unusual heat, iron rods were run down in the coal at intervals and the temperature taken. One fire did break out in the large coal pile, but fortunately the fire started near the edge of the pile and the entire company of colored troops were able to separate that portion from the main pile and to put the fire out before much damage had been done. That a real serious fire did not occur is one of the lucky things that happened to the Company.

The coal pile was a great temptation to the people of the town of Villeneuve Le Roi. Coal was worth about \$60 per ton at retail in France, and the poorer classes of course could not afford to pay such a price even had the coal been available. A guard was, therefore, necessary at all times to keep the pile from dwindling at no small rate. Some of the stories which were told to the Captain were very amusing. Every excuse imaginable was brought forth to get a sack or a load of coal for domestic use. Even the Mayor of the town made a special effort to secure coal for

his personal use, but to no avail. The coal was the property of the Quartermaster Department and Company C had no right to give away or lend one chunk of it. The towns people never did understand our attitude. The people who housed the Officers were a little more lucky. The Officers were allowed to take enough coal to heat the houses in which they lived, and of course the owners of the houses benefited thereby.

But while it was impossible to give coal away, the Company itself had all the heat they needed. Large stoves were set up in all the barracks and the billet, and the bath house had hot showers and water for washing clothes at all hours. No computation was ever made of the amount of coal used by the men at Villeneuve Le Roi during the winter of 1918-1919, but it was considerable.

The men at the Port of Villeneuve Le Roi were brave men, and "nerves" wasn't exactly one of their diseases, and yet one of the strongest and steadiest of our men lost complete control of himself one day, and it was only after months of rest that he appeared normal. On being questioned closely by Captain Wood as to the cause for this appar-

ent break down in his nervous system, he told of spending the previous six months watching some French fishermen on the river, and one day he had actually seen one catch a fish. The shock had completely unnerved him and had brought on the present collapse.

Mention should be made of those who assisted us in our work at Villeneuve Le Roi. The colored troops of the 864th Company of Transportation Corps were with us for about four months. These troops relieved the men of Company C of much hard labor, but not until most of the real hard work had been accomplished. Great credit is due to Captain Harrison and Lieutenant Joe Duncan of that Company for the excellent behavior of these colored troops. Practically no friction was reported between the white and colored men, although they were thrown together at all times.

Corporal "Jimmie" Stack could tell of another group of rather slow-moving assistants to Company C. A dozen or so Chinese were hired from the French contractor, and were put under charge of Corporal Stack for duty loading iron and boxes. Stack made quite a "hit" with the "chinks," and claims to

have thrown away over a ton of Uncle Samuel's perfectly good coal in an effort to make those Chinamen do fifteen minutes solid work per day. He learned only one Chinese word "go to work" but this phrase, with the aid of the coal pile seemed to do the trick—once in a while!

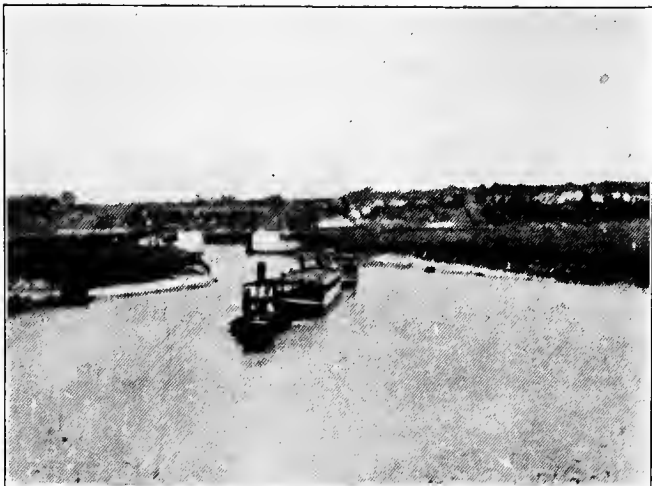
So the Company is proud of the work it accomplished at the Port of Villeneuve Le Roi. Perhaps next to the unusual comments of Major Ashley quoted above, the best evidence of our work at this port came in the form of a most elaborate letter from Monsieur Corvol, the French contractor from whom the Company rented the floating cranes with which to unload the coal and merchandise. This letter was a complaint of the manner in which our crane engineers were running the engines, and ran as follows: "My local superintendent informs me that your engine-men who are using my cranes are running them at such speed that unless they are held back the cranes are



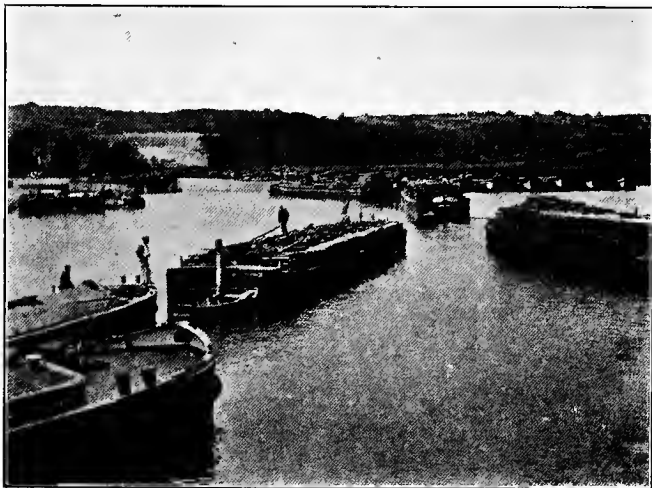
"Fritz"

liable to jump the track. The bearings are also wearing from such speed." Let anyone ask Sergeant Hicks, and a few others of the boys who served on the floating cranes if such remarks are not a letter of recommendation and a proof of the record-making qualities of Company C, 57th Engineers. Needless to say, the boys put just a little more speed into those cranes, just to see how fast the old rattletraps could run. The excessive rental of \$125 per day for each crane compensated the contractor for any wear and tear.

Aside from the hard work at Villeneuve Le Roi several more personal things will always remain in the memories of the men. Mention must be made of the continual watchfulness of Captain Orlando S. Wood of the Medical Corps and his able assistants, Sergeant Breese and the two McNatt brothers, Jesse and Maxie. Not a single life was lost when Captain Wood was on the job. But special mention must be made of Maxie McNatt who, without the aid of a doctor, cared for the boys at this Port during the "flu" epidemic. This man was in constant attendance on the thirteen men who were stricken, and through his vigilance every man recovered. Every man had



Coming Out of the Locks



A Fleet of French Barges



Going Down the Seine



Barges on the Seine at Saint Mammès

his work to do, and McNatt did more than his duty during this trying season of sickness.

Villeneuve fared very well when it came to eats. Sgt. Fred L. Barnes was always on the job, and was on the lookout for vegetables at all times. Di Cugno was responsible for the eats during the first few months at this port, but after the colored troops arrived "Mammy" turned out the mess. But in spite of AI cooks, at times slips were made, and even the officers' mess got a poor deal or two. One day the C. O. called Sergeant Barnes into the private sanctum and asked him some real serious questions;

"Sergeant, were you around the mess hall this evening?"

"Yes, Captain."

"Did you tell the cook what to have for dinner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sergeant, that soup tasted just like dishwater."

"Yes, sir, it was dishwater."

During the month of October almost daily aeroplane raids were made by the Germans upon Paris. Many men kept their guns in

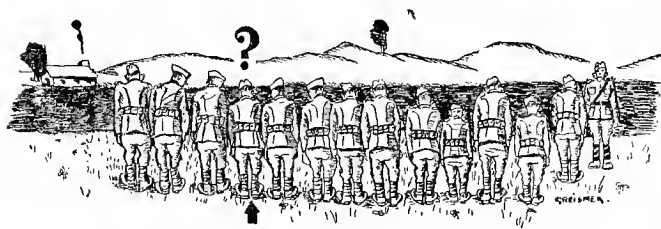
readiness in hopes that some German man-bird might fly within gun-shot.

Every effort was made to keep the men interested, especially after the war. Books, candy, chocolate, and cigarettes were sold at cost, and a billiard table was bought and installed in the billet.

One of the barracks was turned over to the recreation of the troops. Here was installed a canteen which sold almost everything an army man needed. The Y. M. C. A. installed a moving picture machine and movies were held three times a week. Charlie Chaplin, Bill Hart, Theda Bara—they were all there in as gay trim as though being shown at 42nd and Broadway. The French people took great interest in these shows, and it became necessary after a while to limit the number of French children to each show. Otherwise the American troops couldn't have found any room in the building. Lectures were held at intervals, and on Sunday a Y. M. C. A. speaker generally led in a religious service. Although it was necessary to hold weekly inspection on Sunday, every effort was made by the Commanding Officer not to interfere with the religious activities of any man.

The Company had a Company Fund of over 15,000 francs which it was almost impossible to spend for the benefit of its own men. Had the men been at one central point this would have been different. But widely separated as they were, they never really got any good out of this Company Fund.

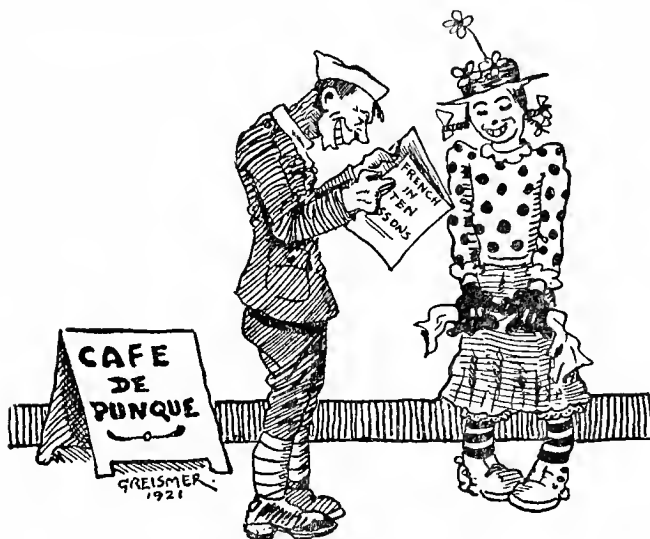
It would be highly improper to close the



Who Was Late at "Inspection" ?

history of Villeneuve Le Roi without mentioning that "darn third rail," which had to be straddled every time one passed from the billet to the works. Every man but one learned to "jump" that live third rail without much trouble. But perhaps the man who will longest remember that third rail of the electric railway is Charles (Murphy) Zadoff. "Murphy" always seemed to forget that a third rail was very much alive,

but he was at last forced to admit that steel rails running alongside of electric railway tracks are not things to forget or fool with—especially on rainy days!



"That First Affair" "Voulou-z-vous have a beer?"

The Port of Villeneuve Le Roi was closed in April 1919. At last reports the billet is now a macaroni factory, and, wonder of wonders, the big 70,000 ton coal piles have disappeared, and there is not a cinder left. Only one concrete remembrance of Company C



One of the "Grave Yards"



On the Move At Last



The American Cemetery at Suresnes, Near Paris



Le Boulevard, Albert 1^{er}—Le Havre On Route of March to "Rest Camp"

remains in this little French village. Our old cook, "Patsy" Di Cugno married one of the belles of the town and is still living among his bride's people.

Since Villeneuve Le Roi was the headquarters of Company C during most of its sojourn in France, it is only proper to record at this point that the Company adopted a little French orphan by the name of Jeanne Iselin, paying the sum of five hundred francs to keep the little girl in food and clothing for one year. Several letters were received by the Company from its protégée.

Also special mention should be made of the diligence and enthusiasm displayed by Sergeants Linwood F. McLain and William Paulson, both of whom acted as Top Sergeants of the Company while stationed at Villeneuve Le Roi. The loss of Sergeant McLain was very keen, but Sergeant Paulson soon showed that he had the highest qualities of the leader of the non-commissioned officers. The Officers owe much to the faithfulness of these two soldiers.

Of the happenings at Villeneuve Le Roi certainly the one which will remain longest in the minds of Captain Davis and Lieuten-

ant Rodgers is that of "censoring letters." The Officers of the A. E. F. had many duties, but perhaps the meanest, most despised one was that of reading the letters which were



On the Coal Pile at Villeneuve Le Roi

written by their men. And yet many amusing things passed before the eyes of these officers. One letter or rather set of letters was especially interesting, and the officer sitting in his little office at the billet on reading

these two letters burst into a sweat and prayed for strength to resist a great temptation.

There, before him were two letters written by one soldier, a "non-com." One was to a girl in England, begging her to be true to him and murmuring sweet prophecies of the day when he could come for her and take her back as his bride to America.

The other letter was to his real fiancée up in the mountains of an Eastern State. And into the mind of this officer had crept the mischievous notion that it would not be a bad idea to swap envelopes. On one side was fair play toward his men, and on the other fair play toward the two girls. Which won? Neither and both, for the letters accidentally fell off the table and into the stove.

CHAPTER VIII

PORT OF GRIGNY

A large number of Company C men spent their entire A. E. F. life at Grigny, and during the last month in France the entire Company was reunited at that Port. So that it was at Grigny that the Company commenced its service in France and it was at Grigny that good-bye was said to the A. E. F. in so far as service was concerned.

The Port of Grigny, during the period of intense activity was under the command of Captain S. E. Lawrence who was also the commanding officer of Company B, 57th Engineers. Too much praise cannot be expressed for the fair treatment which was accorded Company C men by Captain Lawrence. One or two complaints were made, but in each instance investigation found that no injustice had been done. Company C men fared equally with Company B men, and

the fellowship between the men was of the finest. Company C has only the kindest memories of Camp Grigny.

Camp Grigny was by far the largest American unloading Port on the Seine River. Very little coal was unloaded, but tens of thousands



He'll make some woman a good wife

of tons of merchandise, cement, ammunition, and steel passed through this port. The organization maintained here was perhaps unexcelled by any organization in the A. E. F.

Only one serious complaint was ever heard against Camp Grigny, which was justified. It was made by "Murphy" Zadoff of Company C on the night the Company first arrived at Grigny. "Murphy" had evidently

come from a home where pillows of the feathery and downy sort were very plentiful, and when he found that there were no pillows in camp all the joy of life was taken away. So far as army life was concerned it was one long failure to “Murphy” without downy pillows. Camp Grigny was never able to answer for the failure to have soft pillows for soldier boys’ heads to rest on!

Lieutenant Orlie W. Robinson was in command of the Company C men stationed at Camp Grigny. Lieutenant Robinson made it his special duty to watch out for the welfare of Company C men, and it was probably due in large part to his high qualities as an officer that Company C men accomplished so much at the Port of Grigny.

A good story is told on one of the Company C men who was located at Grigny and who also hailed from Philadelphia. He had stuck pretty close to camp prior to the Armistice, but at last, around Christmas, he concluded he’d get a three day leave and spend the time seeing the sights of Paris. Wandering around the city he had dropped into the Y. M. C. A. canteen for something to eat. There’s a waiting line at the egg counter in that can-

teen, and every man gets a numbered check to show just where he stands in the list. But our Company C buddie wasn't wise to all this system.



"That Barber Shop in Juvisy," proving that the front lines weren't the only danger spots in France

"Thirty-seven—fried," called one of the men ahead of him in the line.

"Thirty-eight—fried," came the next.

"Thirty-nine—fried," called out the man in front.

He drew a long breath.

"I dunno whether I can do it or not," he

called, "but no Paris Yank is goin' to get ahead of me. You can make mine forty—fried."

Acknowledgment is made to the *Company B, 57th Engineers History* for the following account of the influenza epidemic at Grigny which resulted in the death of two Company C men, Charles E. Allie and William H. Heyser:

"When the 'flu' hit Grigny there were approximately 400 men in camp with the Medical Officer and a Medical Detachment of five men. In all the camps the 'flu' was new and misunderstood. In the rush and hurry, working two shifts, the excitement of accomplishing new and difficult tasks, the men did not spare themselves and worked in rain and shine, in wet or cold, long hours on cranes and on trucks, or on boats or barges. Too frequently a man would not give up until he was seriously affected or ordered to quit.

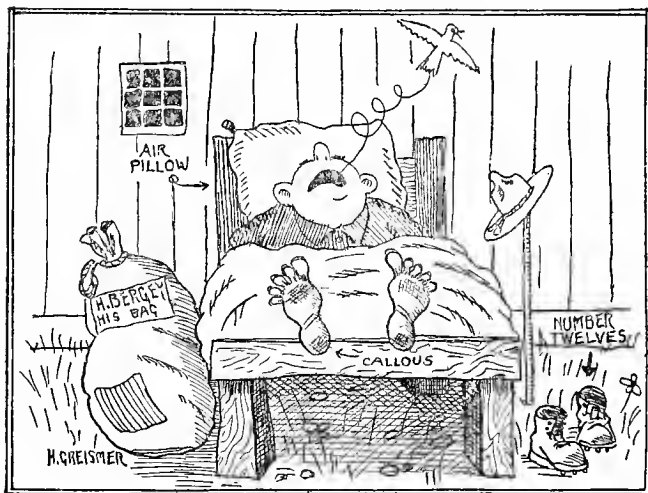
"The sanitary conditions in the camp were excellent and favorable facilities were good, and the general health was above the average, but the 'flu' played no favorites, and in a very short time our Medical Staff evidenced

a helplessness which could not cope with the situation.

“By the greatest fortune there was in Ris Orangis the Johnson-Rickets Hospital with its wonderful personnel and record for service for the French. The unit was under orders to move to Juilly and was being evacuated, and the personnel was for the most part to go on a two or three weeks' well earned leave. Application was made to the officer in charge and the facts in the case stated to him. Immediately two American doctors, Captain W. F. Garretson and Lieutenant E. P. Case, chief nurse Mrs. Gertrude Clapp and Miss Lyla Cowan, Miss E. R. Lyons, Miss Muriel Lyall, Miss Mary Dugine, Miss Florence Dewar, Miss Spence, Miss Elinor McFadden, Miss Currie and Miss Bertha Metcalf all voluntarily passed up their vacation and opportunity to rest and came to Grigny.

“With them came the hundred and one things needed, for Lady Johnson, who was visiting the hospital, and Mr. Ricket, offered everything. Two tents were erected for patients who needed special care, and one whole barracks in addition to the infirmary was soon filled with patients. A Swiss Hut (Cot-

tage Lingerlonger) was erected in a very few hours for the use of the nurses. The change was immediate. The worst cases were removed to the tents and Miss Cowan took charge of the night shift.



Hobert Bergey gets a Tooth Pulled

“Special food was prepared under their direction in the kitchen and as much special food as could be purchased was secured. Our French friends earned the undying respect of the Company by their gifts of fruit and flowers, and their sincere sympathy.

“It is hard to say how many lives were saved by these unselfish men and women from Ris Orangis. Many a 57th man owes his life to them. No finer exhibit of true feeling that the A. E. F. men owe the Red Cross can be found in the sincere respect and regard that the Grigny men have and will always hold for these doctors, nurses, and friends.”

The latest word from Grigny comes from William T. Holmes, who writes telling us of a visit he paid to France in the winter of 1920. “The old camp at Grigny is removed, and wheat is growing where the barracks stood. Poppies grow everywhere, but not one vestige of the Armée Américaine remains.”

And so we “came and saw and conquered” and passed on our way to other tasks!

CHAPTER IX

PORTS OF PARIS

BESIDES the headquarters office being located in Paris a large number of men from the 57th Engineers were stationed in that city for work at the several Ports.

The Headquarters Office of the Inland Waterway Transport Corps was at first located in the Elysée Palace Hotel, on the Champs d'Elysée, and only a block from the Arc de Triomphe where later the body of the unknown French soldier was to rest. Later the office was moved to a former private residence at 35 Rue Vernet, and it is at this location that Company C will remember Headquarters. In this building were the Paris offices of Colonel L. E. Lyon, Chief of the Inland Waterway Transport Service; Major Carl Ashley, who had immediate charge of all the work performed by the 57th Engineers; Captain McCurtain, who was in charge of the

tugs and barges; Lieutenant O'Brien, Property Officer of the I. W. T.; and Lieutenant William E. Finlater, of Company C.

The troop headquarters were located at the Méditerranée Hotel, which had been rented exclusively for this service. This hotel and the work in and around Paris was under the



Dreamin' of Home

charge of Lieutenant Joel Pomerene of Company C.

There were three unloading Ports or "Quais" within the limits of Paris. The Port of Javel was purely an unloading and loading port. At Quai d'Austerlitz merchandise, etc., were unloaded from the barges, and shipped to the St. Denis warehouse. All

the work at the Port of Ivry was done by machinery, the merchandize being loaded into wagons and hauled to a railway siding some half a mile away. Besides these there were several quais at which coal was unloaded. So that the work at Paris was quite extensive as well as widely separated.

Lieutenant Pomerene managed the work at Paris in a most commendatory manner. A young man, yet he made up for inexperience by the energy which he put into his work. As at all the other Ports where Company C men worked, enviable records were made. The cuisine at the Méditerranée Hotel was far famed, and it was claimed that Charles Steffins could make salmon and "corned-willie" taste like home made chicken. No wonder the Paris mess always ran behind, it had so many visitors.

But no matter how good the cook, it just seemed that home cooking was confined to America. The limited facilities and the at times sameness of the menu often got on the nerves of the men. At such times the poor mess sergeant was the butt for all kinds of remarks. The following is one of the choice ones heard around the Méditerranée:

"Whatja got for breakfast this mornin', sergeant?"

"Got a nice mess o' slum."

"Thought it was about time—we didn't have any slum since last night."

Lots of seemingly useless work was performed on some of the quais around Paris. The men especially seemed to think that the lumber yard at the Port of Ivry was a place of "move things just to be doing something." The piling of lumber was comparatively simple, but when orders were received to pile the assorted lumber into piles of ten-foot and seventeen-foot lengths, it was rather puzzling to be told that "anything over ten feet is seventeen feet."

Paris was the goal of every Yankee soldier in France, and many thousands of them were permitted to see the Jewel City. To Company C men, Paris was just the "little city across the way," but the question of eats never ceased to be a tantalizing puzzle to them all. One might get to Paris or any other town in France, but how to get a square meal was quite another question, and a most important one. Was "poule" a piece of cheese or a sirloin steak, and was "chou"

fried eggs or a drink of water? Most American soldiers found it advantageous to simply indicate to the French waitress one side of the menu card, and trust to luck. "Luck" played a large part in the life of the A. E. F., and like Wildcat, "Lady Luck sure was on our side." It was true that one generally got enough grub for ten families by following such a procedure, and a little of everything from snails to chicken, topped by a bill for about twelve francs. But nevertheless a square meal was secured, and besides what were a few francs to an American soldier!

The "chimera" or movies were one form of entertainment which felt like "home," even though one couldn't always make out the titles. But even here one couldn't get away from the French customs, for every Frenchman kept his hat on throughout the performance, and every usher expected a "sou" for showing a man his seat.

The mademoiselles of Paris were almost too much for the boys, and several near catastrophes resulted. One of the most trusted sergeants in the Company, who was located in Paris most of the time, could tell of an evening in which he and a distant relative



Company C Men on a Visit to Fontainebleau. The Old Home of the Kings of France



Ruins of Railroad Bridge Over Marne River Above Château Thierry



Soissons as She Looked in March, 1919



A Street in Château Thierry

of the Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Army were inveigled into "borrowing" Captain McCurtain's motor boat for a nice ride down the Seine with a couple of Parisian mademoiselles. When a few miles below the starting point the universal joint on the



shaft broke and the boat caught fire. The Sergeant claims American girls take a number two rating when it comes to squealing in time of trouble. If you want a nice quiet time don't go and get a French girl excited. For that matter anything French; when he or she gets excited there's liable to be something doing all the time. At any rate the boys got the

tub safely to shore, but had the boat not been near shore the Company might have had to leave two more of its best men “under the lilies of France.”

Paris was far-famed for the insignia which the men from that District wore on their left shoulder arm—which of course included all Company C men. After much deliberation the fleur-de-lis was chosen as the sign of a Parisian American soldier. This decision caused quite a little amusement among the French people, for the fleur-de-lis was the emblem of French Royalty, a sect which died during the French Revolution.

But above all Paris was the Mecca of the M. P.—Military Police, and these regulators of the law seemed to take special pleasure in catching both officers and men in an instant’s forgetfulness on the saluting Regulations. All American officers and men were instructed to salute all Allied officers as well as American officers. Many of the men of Company C were strong on discipline, especially the “non-coms,” and so when in Paris eyes were kept peeled for foreign officers. Sergeant “Dad” Goggin tells how he “followed orders.” “One evening, while promenading along the Bas-

tile, whom did I see approaching me but a large magnificent Frenchman with a five foot sword dangling by his side, and his manly breast glittering with gold medals. I drew myself together and gave him a snappy Yank salute. A mademoiselle standing close by shouted 'Américaine, Américaine, no soldat, no soldat.' And the girl was right for the gink was only a Parisian police officer. Think of me, Dad Goggin, saluting a cop! I guess I must have been saluting the postoffice officials, the custom-house officers, and the street-car conductors while I was in Paris."

It is very probable that every man could tell a similar tale if he would, and the Captain pleads guilty of saluting one of the ushers at the Gaumont Palace Theatre. In France "all's not gold that glitters," and a sword does not mean that the wearer is more than a gang foreman.

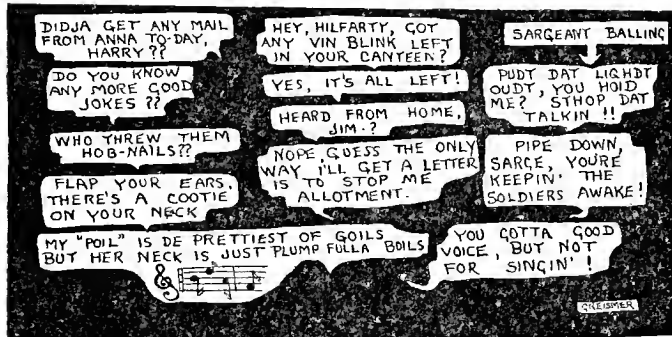
CHAPTER X

SHIPYARD AT SAINT MAMMES

SOON after the arrival of Company C at Grigny, a detachment consisting of men from Companies A., B., and C. was sent to establish a shipyard at Saint Mammes, a small village on the Seine River about 65 kilometers from Paris. As ever, Company C men led the attack, and the enemy (exceedingly various and sundry undergrowths) clung to their position with the persistence of Prussian veterans. But the Yanks were not to be denied, and before many days a real shipyard was in the making.

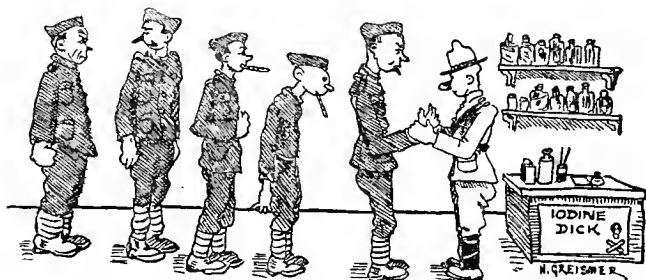
About the first of October Company D arrived at St. Mammes, but in a short time half of that company was transferred to Epone where another shipyard was located.

All Company C men located at the shipyard at St. Mammes around the first of 1919



After Taps in the Barracks

will always hold in memory the night in which the Seine River rose ten feet. A dirt dam was built by the men to keep the water out of the barracks, and all went well until at about ten o'clock on a pitch dark night someone took it into his head to kick a hole



A Busy Day at the Infirmary

into the dam. The men's personal effects were transferred to the only two boats available, and next morning saw the water six feet deep in the barracks, a poor place to call "home."

CHAPTER XI

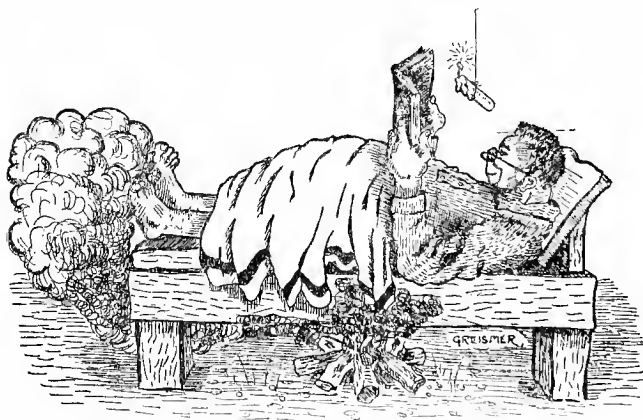
SHIPYARD AT EPONE

ONLY a few Company C men were detailed for duty at the shipyards at Epone. The shipyards were already in operation when the first 57th Engineer detachment arrived, about the first of October, being operated by a New York shipbuilding company. Later this entire yard was turned over to the 57th Engineers. About the middle of October half of Company D was transferred from St. Mammes to Epone, and this company must be credited with the major portion of the work accomplished at this shipyard. The camp was flooded during the high water of January, 1919.

CHAPTER XII

PORT OF CORBEIL

SEVERAL of the men of Company C were located at Corbeil, a town of some size about ten miles up the river from the port of Grigny. Despite poor equipment and no yard facilities a very good showing was made by this detachment. Green



"Credit Where Credit is Due." We all felt pretty chilly that raw October day, but Harry Hinchman had foresight enough to build a fire underneath his *wooden* bunk

coffee was the cargo mostly unloaded at this port, the Quartermaster Corps of the American Army having taken over a coffee roasting plant in Corbeil.

CHAPTER XIII

PORT OF LE HAVRE

SOON after the arrival of the three companies of 57th Engineers at Grigny, Captain S. L. Thomsen, and a large portion of the men of Company A were transferred to Le Havre at the mouth of the Seine River. Captain Thomsen was made assistant to the Port Superintendent at Le Havre, and was given charge of the unloading facilities at that Port, which were of considerable extent. Many Company C men spent considerable time at Le Havre either waiting for assignment to barges or on detail on the cranes being operated at that Port. Many reports came back to Company Headquarters of the excellent and fair treatment which Company C received while at Le Havre. Captain Thomsen was one of those big-hearted men, who win respect in the men under him, and whose first code of honor

is the "square deal." The officers and men of Company C will always have a warm place for Captain Thomsen and those serving under him as Company A, 57th Engineers.

CHAPTER XIV

COMPANY C IN GERMANY

COMPANY C as a unit did not see service in Germany either during the war or after the Armistice. But several of the men were sent into the advanced areas during the war to bring some small barges through the French canals and down the Seine River. The men had some near scraps with the "Boche," but, so far as known, no Company C men were killed by German bullets. "Nickey" Overton relates how, during one of these trips, he and an English bud-die were sleeping in their pup tents. They were awakened by the sound of a bunch of approaching Boche airplanes. Overton called to his buddie to beat it for cover, but he threw caution to the winds and turned over for another snooze. A minute later a bomb called Overton's buddie to a better world.

Soon after the Armistice the Company was combed for men who could talk German,

and most linguists were soon on their way into Germany. Among the men who saw service in Germany after the Armistice were C. C. Shantz, Edward Amand, Henry J. Adshead, John C. Hannah, Andrew C. Westermeyer and Charles H. Guenther. These men were all attached to the Inter Allied Waterways Commission.

CHAPTER XV

THE FLEET OF THE ARMÉE AMÉRICAINÉ

THERE was probably no band of men in the A. E. F., who while known as belonging to a distinct unit of the American Army, yet were for a greater portion of the time more divorced from Army discipline than were the men of Company C. Away from their company for months at a stretch on barge duty, yet the company records disclose no breach of that soldierly conduct so essential in the makeup of a large army of men. Such a record is one to be proud of, for we believe none better can be shown.

Life on the barges was no vacation, or pleasure trip. It meant cramped quarters, day and night duty, amateur cooking, scarcity of food at times, and always the continual misunderstandings and bickerings with the French pilots on the river. At times it seemed as if every barge but American were

always on the move, and that if there were any time left then the American barges were attended to. The tricks worked by some of the American boys to get their barges up and down the river were worthy of a Congressional Medal.

Of the fleet, *Armée Américaine*, *Tug No. 11* was perhaps the most famous. And she deserved fame. She was an old North Sea trawling tub which drew nine feet of water aft and nothing forward, took the whole Western Ocean to turn around in, and at her best couldn't pull your hat off your head. Some of the other famous battleships of the fleet were the *Monach*, built for logging purposes; the *Transport* and the *Ada*, both loaned by the British I. W. T., and it was very easy to tell why; the *Brankmere*, which never made a single trip down the river after once getting up the river; the *Velox* a really good tug, but badly wrecked in trying to butt over one of the Paris bridge abutments. The Port of Grigny fell heir to most of these wrecks, and but for the men located at that Port mighty little towing would have been done by the American Army on the Seine River.

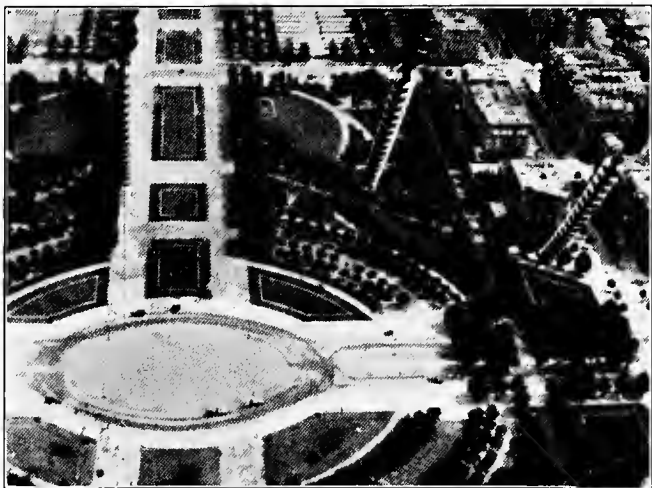
As to the barges themselves—well, the less said the better. Sufficient to say that most of them lie deep down in the basin at the Port of Grigny. As long as strong American arms were present to work the pumps all went well, but just as soon as “every twenty minutes was wine time,” those barges began to sink to their graves.

Irwin Latourette gives a very appropriate name to the American fleet of the Seine River. He calls it the “Sooner Fleet,” because the water had sooner come in than stay out.

It cannot be said that life on a barge was “one round of pleasure.” True, the work and the discipline weren’t much to kick about, but red-blooded men had to eat three times a day. Some of the meals that were concocted on those American barges by some of the so-called “cooks” were enough to kill any human but an American soldier. After those British fish served on the *Orita* a man could stand most anything. But more than one “cook” was threatened with the dire punishment of being put on the Villeneuve Le Roi coal pile if he didn’t improve instantor-sooner. Threats of the “coal pile” generally reformed the worst of “cooks.”



War is No Respector of God's House



Paris from Eiffel Tower



The Silent Guard



Once a Home of Happiness

Earl H. Younglove and his mates could tell an entertaining tale pertaining to the taking of six rudderless barges down the Seine River from Paris to Rouen, where they were turned over to the British. Rudderless barges are very much like humans with too much cognac aboard—they go everywhere except where they should. On this trip, without steering gear of any kind, attempts were made to move several bridges from their abutments, but the French engineers build healthy bridges, and the barges were the only sufferers from the encounters. The point is that Company C men did the job up brown as usual.

From the point of view of the French rivermen, the 57th Engineers were pretty poor rivermen, and too full of “toot sweet,” and from the view-point of the 57th Engineers the French rivermen were a little slower than “stop.” There is no doubt but that at times the American pep and get-there-at-all odds-just-so-you-do-it-d—— quick, was rather a facer for the naturally slow-going Frenchmen. While the Frenchmen were planning how to do a thing, the American boys had turned the trick, many on pure unadulterated

nerve and good luck. For instance, a French barge was waiting to pass through one of the Saint Denis locks. All at once appears a U. S. barge running light and going at a pretty clip after passing through the lock. The waiting Frenchman being within hitting distance, the American barge proceeded to strike it a fair blow on the nose as a sort of passing salute. The Frenchman grinned good-naturedly and prepared to pass into the lock. At that instant appeared a second U. S. barge on its way out of the lock, and of course repeated the same stunt as its predecessor only with somewhat more force, since the French barge had moved up a little nearer the entrance to the lock. This "salute" called forth a few words of love from the Frenchman and brought his wife out on deck. A few seconds later a third American "warship" shot out of the lock on the "double-quick," and put on the finishing touch by stoving a good-sized hole through the forward end of the French "navy." Both Mr. and Mrs. Frenchman were just about as excited as the Frenchmen sometimes get, and made the surrounding air blue, shouting pet names at our noble soldier-sailors. That hole cost Uncle Sam

about ten thousand francs although it is doubtful if prior to the war the old hulk would have been worth two thousand francs. Damage to French barges during the war assumed unheard of loss to the barge owners, or so the affidavits stated.

Sergeant "Frenchie" Chantiny had one of the most thrilling and dangerous river experiences of any member in the Company. The trip from Paris to Le Havre by way of the Seine River calls for the passage through a canal leading into the harbor of Le Havre. This canal, however, is not navigable when the tide is out. During the winter of 1919 Sergeant Chantiny was ordered to take the regimental launch from Paris to Le Havre. Arriving at the head of the canal he found the tide out, and the prospects of a ten-hour lay-up. The bright lights of Le Havre were too much for Chantiny, and so he decided to go on down to the mouth of the Seine River and reach Le Havre harbor by way of the English Channel. Things went well until the little launch was well into the channel when a small storm came up. It soon appeared that either the English Channel was too big for the 57th Engineers' launch or the launch

was too small for the Channel. It takes a pretty good boat to traverse the English Channel when she's on a rampage, and that launch was far from being termed a "good boat." Why she didn't sink will never be known, but at last she passed the breakwater of Le Havre Harbor, and a thankful crew tied up at the American wharf.

It seemed, however, that Sergeant Chantiny was destined to wear the mark of the war in some way or other, for just before leaving France, while at target practice, a rifle exploded in his hands and a small shell fragment entered his left eye, making it necessary later for him to wear an artificial eye.

Had the men of the 57th Engineers been furnished with three or four first class tugs, and a fleet of concrete or steel barges a great haulage record would undoubtedly have been made. As it was they kept up a continual fight to keep the fleet afloat, and accomplished wonders under the circumstances. Company C is proud of her A. E. F. record, both on land, and on the River, and only regrets that the material with which she had to work was not such as to make possible a greater help to the Allied Cause.

CHAPTER XVI

ARMISTICE DAY IN FRANCE

UNLIKE America, France celebrated Armistice Day only once, but the French and their Allies put enough pep and enthusiasm into that celebration to last a week. In fact in Paris and all towns of any size the parading and joyfulness of the people lasted over several days. Most of the Company was in Paris on the day the Armistice was signed or on the day following. Up till that evening Paris had been a very dark city at night, street lights being used only at very infrequent intervals, and being covered with blue shades so that the lights could not be seen at night by invading German aeroplanes. But on Armistice night all this was changed, and when the bright lights blazed forth on the Rue de Capucines, the delight of the populace was unbounded. Students traversed the streets in long lines or Indian file; girls all dolled up in their best

searched the crowds for American Officers, and when an officer was found, he was immediately made the center of a ring of girls and forced to kiss his way out. Bands played, horns tooted, buzzers buzzed, and the populace yelled. How they were able to keep it up for several days is one of the wonders of the Parisian. But the celebration was not confined to Paris by any means. Every village and hamlet spent the night drinking "vin rouge" and dancing. The American boys were the center of attraction in every instance and but little attention was paid to "taps" during that week.



A "Frog" on the Day After Celebrating Armistice Day and Night

Only one man of the Company came near celebrating too well on Armistice Day. John A. Buchanan while on the way back to his barge, after a quiet (?) day with the boys, missed his footing and fell into the cold Seine River. But for the quick action of his companions John A. might have written "fini" to his life right there.

It is hoped that all Company C men who were in Paris on Armistice Day, including the Officers, will be truthful, and when their best girl asks "Am I the first girl you ever kissed?" every man and boy will own up "Gosh, no! Wasn't I in Paris the day the Armistice was signed?"

Armistice Day in France will never be forgotten by the men of Company C, for it meant to them not only the defeat of the Germans but "home, James, and don't spare the horses!"

CHAPTER XVII

FROM CHÂTEAU-THIERRY TO SOISSONS

WHILE Company C as a unit was not lucky enough to be ordered into the fighting lines, yet the men were always ready for the exploit and envied the men at the front. As soon as possible after the Armistice, parties of Company C men were given passes to visit the battlefields of France, and to bring back German helmets and souvenirs for the folks at home. The observations of one of the Company are given in the following letter. He was lucky enough to make the trip by automobile and was thereby able to see a wide stretch of country.

“We left Villeneuve Le Roi at 5:00 A. M. and passed through Villeneuve St. George while all the inhabitants were still fast asleep. Our road then took us through the quaint

and walled towns of Bissey St. Bric, Villeneuve St. Denis and Villeneuve Le Comte. All these French villages look about the same with their high walls and crooked streets. The names are also many times much alike so that unless a person knows the whole of the name he is apt to arrive at considerable distance from home. The land through this part of France is very level and intensively cultivated. It is fine looking country, but does not seem to be able to produce as in the States. The corn, for instance, does not grow over three feet in height. At Tigeau and Crécy where we crossed the Morin River we found the inhabitants just stirring although it was about seven o'clock. The French people like those soft beds of theirs and I can't much blame them. The Officers who were lodged in French families while in France thought several times each morning before they rose for their daily duties. The French like a bottle of wine and a soft bed; give them these and all the rest of the world can go hang.

"At Pierre-Levés we entered the 1914 battle line. The Huns penetrated France to this town and then were forced to withdraw on account of their defeat at the Marne. This

town is only twenty-four miles from Paris but the Huns got even closer to the Imperial City at Saint Martin-en-Goële which is only 7 miles from the walls of Paris. Paris had a narrow escape in those days.

“But we found no indication of the Hun at this place, and in fact we found no signs of the beast till we reached Mercy on the Marne and no real damage was found until Château-Thierry was reached. But on reaching Pierre-Levée one begins to feel the atmosphere, or you might say, to smell the stink of the beast, the Hun. From here on we begin to find the zigzag trenches, the wire entanglements, and the dugouts. However, since four years have passed since the Hun came this way, very little damage is seen. One simply knows that the beast came this way, but that he was quickly driven back snarling to the lines around Château-Thierry. On all our trip we did not strike one bad piece of road, notwithstanding the fact that the heaviest of trucks had been hauling over these roads for the past four years, and that France has not had men to spare for repairing roads. The Americans, however, have set to work to repair all the roads in France, and they are doing a good job.

“At La Ferte-St.-Jourane we came to the Marne River and followed its numerous windings until we arrived at Château-Thierry. The Marne is not a large river as we gauge rivers in America, being only about 200 feet wide. The fall is quite large, however, making



No Wonder the Yanks
Won

necessary numerous locks and dams. France does about half her transportation in barges and her locks and dams are of the best construction. But the Marne will ever remain in history, for it was on the banks of this little stream that the French poilu stopped the onward rush of the Hun in 1914. The Germans never again reached this

western point, although they did come within seven miles of Paris at a point further north. Let us be thankful that the name of this river is easy to pronounce for it will always form a very important part of the great World War. The ride from La Ferte to Château-Thierry is beautiful as we go up the Marne Valley. On every side is the evidence of fighting, but

the real devastation has been long since repaired.

“In this region the Hun himself begins to show. As we passed through the country we could see German prisoners of war working in the field, hoeing, plowing, driving wagons, and carrying burdens. Those we passed on the road spoke to us, using as a rule the phrase ‘Hello, Yank.’ One gets to hate a German so badly over here in France that to have one say ‘Hello, Yank,’ stirs up all the evil emotions in a good American’s breast, and I don’t suppose the expressions on our faces were very friendly toward the German prisoners. At any rate we always got the same salute, and when we looked glum and answered not, always came the coarse Hun laughter. These men must know how they are hated by the remainder of the civilized world, but they seem to care not, on the contrary, they seem to glory in their acts committed during the war.

“When I came to France I had some sympathy for the German people. I felt that they had been unwillingly led into this terrible war by their masters. But eight months of life in the war sector have changed my

opinions completely. The German soldier glories in his fight, glories in the awful devastation he has made, and glories in the misery he has caused to innocent women and children. Seldom does one see a Hun prisoner of war who has not a sneer on his lips and the devil-may-care-go-to-Hell expression on his face. If you have a tendency to love the Hun, come over and have a look at him as a prisoner of war and see some of the fiendish work he has done in this beautiful land of France. You will go back to America with a more open mind—for if any people should be damned these people certainly should.

“At Essons-Marne we came to the first real destruction. About half of this little town is in ruins. The old battle line passed through this village prior to the taking of Château-Thierry by the Americans.

“And then we came to Château-Thierry. Château-Thierry was a disappointment, for it did not receive as rough treatment at the hands of the Germans as we had expected. Many of the buildings were in ruins, but the larger proportion were standing, and practically unharmed. The bridges across the river were blown up as the Huns retreated

and temporary bridges had been constructed by the American troops. Château-Thierry lies on both banks of the Marne River, the residential section on one side and the business portion on the other. We found only three Americans in the town and these were sailors. The presence of two members of the American Military Police, however, would indicate that American soldiers on pass were common. We arrived at this town at about nine o'clock, and it is probable that the daily train from Paris had not arrived. We walked through the town and visited a postcard and curiosity shop where we bought cards by the wholesale and paid the usual American price for a polished shell with Château-Thierry etched on it, and the German crown and "Gott Mit Uns" on the circumference.

"We left Château-Thierry at ten o'clock heading north for Soissons. After a steep climb of several miles we came to our first pile of German ammunition piled alongside of the road. From this point to Soissons, a distance of thirty miles, German ammunition made an almost unbroken fence. We stopped to look for souvenirs, but found only two empty shells which we took. The re-

mainder looked entirely too business like with their time fuses, and we had heard of too many cases of explosions of souvenirs for us to take any chances. I picked up a pretty little hand grenade which I would have liked to have kept, but when I noticed that it was loaded and saw the pin ready to be pulled out for firing I concluded that such souvenirs were a little out of my line, and so I laid it back on the ground very gently and tip-toed away. The shells varied in size from the very smallest to the shells three feet in length, some of which were too heavy for us to lift. Most of them were in straw or wicker baskets, probably for transportation purposes. After spending half an hour trying to find something worth taking which was not dangerous, without much success, we resumed our ride. Just over the next hill we came to a pile of thousands of empty shells, and we were able to dig in to our hearts' content.

"We saw our first soldier's grave at this point. I say the first, for after that there were hundreds of them, along the roadside, on the hillside, American, French, Italian, and German, buried just where they had fallen. At the head of each grave is a wooden

cross with the name of the brave man beneath. On the peak of the cross hangs his steel helmet. These helmets are perfectly safe, for no normal man would think twice of taking one. One had as soon rob the grave itself. The presence of so many of the American helmets made us feel sad. Let us hope that all may be gathered together and taken home to America. They don't seem to feel happy sleeping in a foreign land. I got out of my car and took a picture of the first grave I saw. It was one of a French aviator. The aviator's graves are marked by the red, white, and blue bull's eye which always appears on the French planes. At times these graves would be in bunches of a dozen or more, but generally they were isolated, just where the soldier had fallen.

"I only saw one grave marked by a German helmet, and this was in front of a small farmhouse, just outside the gate leading into the yard. On the cross were these words in French, 'the grave of a humane Hun.' This German had evidently showed himself a man in some way, and the French farmer had buried him where he fell, had written this epitaph, and had placed his helmet on the



Ruins at Ablain St. Nazaire



The Bridge at Château Thierry



Le Château, Brest



The Rhine—Hozelleren Bridge

cross. That grave has remained in my thoughts ever since as a concrete evidence that in the stress of war at least one Hun forgot not himself, but acted the part of a man, not a beast.

"The villages from this point to Soissons were all just about the same, merely piles of stone and brick. The largest building, always the village church, of course showed the most wrecked condition. Many times only the arches would be left standing. One church had nothing standing but a statue of 'Mary' in a niche.

"About every mile we came across dumps of piles of clothing, hats, guns, ammunition, etc. It was no trouble for us to get all the German hats and souvenirs we wished at no cost to us. When we got back to camp we were the envy of the 'gang.'

"Wire entanglements and trenches were always in sight, and dugouts in every bank. One could easily imagine the fighting which must have taken place across every foot of this country. But above all hung the pall caused by the mute graves of our brave Americans.

"Soissons was reached at noon. This had

been a town of about 35,000 inhabitants prior to the war. Probably 1,000 people reside there now. Soissons is literally a pile of stones. Sodom and Gomorrah of Bible times could have looked no worse. I saw only one house in a fit condition to shelter humans, and that was the hotel at which we ate lunch, which had been repaired. We rode up and down the various streets which have been cleared of stones, and simply everything was in ruins. Soissons had two beautiful churches. All that now stands of these temples to Almighty God is a portion of each of the towers. I saw in one room a baby's bed hanging over the wall of the house, and my thoughts flew back to my own baby boy and of the things which he might have had to endure if I and my American comrades had not kicked the Hun off the face of the earth.

"The Hun certainly did a good job with Soissons. The city is literally destroyed, and it will take years to dig the stones out and rebuild. There is really nothing to describe about the town, except to say that it is a mass of stones and concrete. Hell has evidently just moved out.

"We took lunch at the little hotel, and we

were very agreeably surprised to pay a nominal price. One gets so used to paying outrageous prices for things in France that when he does get something reasonable it is an event to remember. We paid four francs fifty centimes for sardines, sausage, coffee with saccharine instead of sugar, two fresh eggs in form of an omelet, fried potatoes German style, and all the white French bread we wished. I only wish that this hotel was in Paris. It would be swamped.

“At one o’clock we started back to camp, a ride of eighty-five miles. We did not take the same route as in going, but came back by way of Corey and Meaux. This part of the country had evidently seen some very severe fighting, for the shell holes increased in number and the ever present graves also increased. All the villages were in ruins, and nobody was at home.

“Near Corey we passed a pile of perhaps 500 German steel helmets, and simply took our choice. Near Vosity we passed an aeroplane with its nose sticking in the ground, the tail in the air, the wings burned, and alongside was the grave of the French aviator. One could tell a pretty story of bravery around

this relic of war. The graves of the French aviators increased greatly in this section.

“Just outside of Troesues we passed a life sized image of Christ hanging on the cross, and on either side were the images of the thieves also nailed to crosses. As exact a reproduction of the ‘Crime of the Ages’ as possible. I thought to take a picture of this, but the spot in the midst of the field of battle seemed sacred, and so we passed on.

“As we travelled further away from Soissons the devastation decreased until at Meaux it vanished entirely and we were once more in the land of peace, and the battle ground was but a dream.

“If you have any love for the Hun, visit Soissons and see his work. If you think the Frenchman ungrateful, and not quite up to the American type, visit the battle field of Soissons and see where for five years he fought like a tiger, and died like a hero. If you think our American boys had a nice trip across the seas, visit this battle field, and return with thanksgiving in your breasts for these boys and what they did.

“If you want to see Hell on Earth, visit Soissons!”

CHAPTER XVIII

HOMeward BOUND

CAPTAIN Davis left the company the last of April, having been ordered back to America. The command of the Company was taken over by Lieutenant Robinson.

The news that the Captain had received orders to travel westward seemed to have caused some feeling among some of the men, particularly those who had served time piling coal briquets as punishment for some military offense. This was quite forcibly brought out the day before the Captain left at a little family "conference" in the Captain's office. In the course of the conference the following dialogue ensued:

Captain Davis: "What motive did you have for getting drunk last night?"

Private: "Motive, sir?"

Captain: "Well, were you happy about something or what?"

Private: "Well, yes, kind o' happy."

Captain: "What were you happy about?"

Private: "I don't like to tell, sir."

Captain: "Oh, come on and tell me, I won't mind."

Private: "Well, sir, I heard they was going to send you back to the States, and I just couldn't help feelin' happy."

Captain: (to Top Sergeant): "Sergeant, excuse this man from inspection to-morrow. He's the most honest man in the Company."

The Company commenced assembling at Port Grigny near the first of June, and left Grigny for Le Mans on June 20, 1919. At Le Mans the usual two weeks of inspections, examinations and cleansing was passed through, and the Company proceeded to Brest. At Brest Company C found Company B, 57th Engineers which had left Grigny some six months before "homeward bound." Several of the men of Company C had sought and obtained transfers into Company B because it was thought the latter company would reach home much sooner than Company C. It was, therefore, very much of a travesty on army life and superior knowledge for these men to see their old company pass-

ing them, and sailing away for America while they were forced to do duty in Brest.

Company C returned to America aboard the United States Transport *Grant*, landing at Boston. From Boston the Company

was sent as a unit to Camp Devens, and thence distributed broadcast to various camps over the country for discharge.



The Morning After the Last Drunk on
French Wine and Cognac

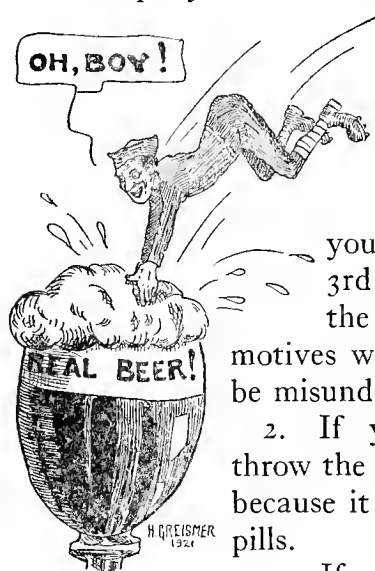
Oh boy, there's no place like home! The feathers under you and "reveille" a thing of the past;

breakfast in bed if you wanted it, the girls again, *real* girls; and "chow," the kind of "chow" that puts wrinkles across your stomach!

Company C had covered half the distance around the world only to find that there is no place like home.

But home life, after a year in the army with

all its rough and ready ways, called not for a small amount of quick wit, and the minding on one's Ps and Qs. One of the members of the Company itemizes some of the things



Gone—but not
forgotten

which he and his comrades had to watch:

1. In boarding trains don't allow the habit to force you into box cars, or 3rd class coaches with the colored folks. Your motives will almost certainly be misunderstood.

2. If you fall ill don't throw the medicine away just because it isn't iodine or CC pills.

3. If you wish to know whether a passerby is an ex-member of the A. E. F. scratch yourself. If he scratches back, shake hands.

4. Unbutton your coat if you want to. The C. P.'s (Civilian Police) will overlook the offense.

5. "No compree" is not considered an ex-

cuse for taking a seat in the orchestra after you've bought a seat in the gallery.

6. In writing to your girl it will not be necessary to show the letter to your employer before sealing and mailing it.

7. After dining out, do not stick the knives, forks and spoons in your pocket nor the dishes under your arm. The family has a female K. P. detailed to take care of them.

8. It is considered bad form at home to roll and strap the bedclothes to your back after spending the night at a friend's house.

9. Be careful about that little French girl the Company adopted, and don't refer to her as "my little girl in France." You might be misunderstood,

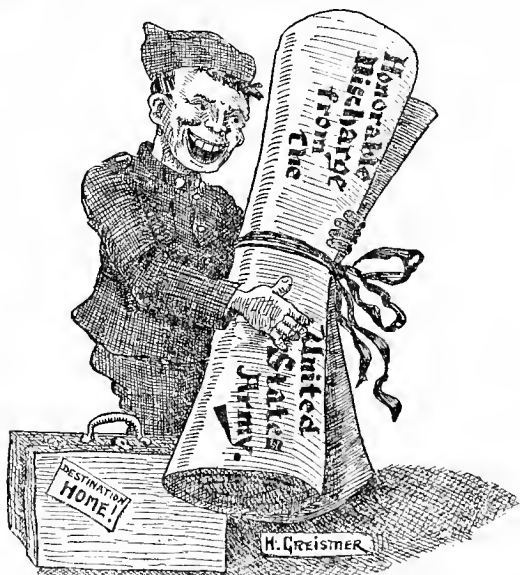
10. That flapping sensation around your ankles will not necessarily mean that your spirals are coming down.

11. And, for the love of Mike, watch your step when you talk. It may not check with some of the things you said in your letters.

CHAPTER XIX

“LA GUERRE FINIE”

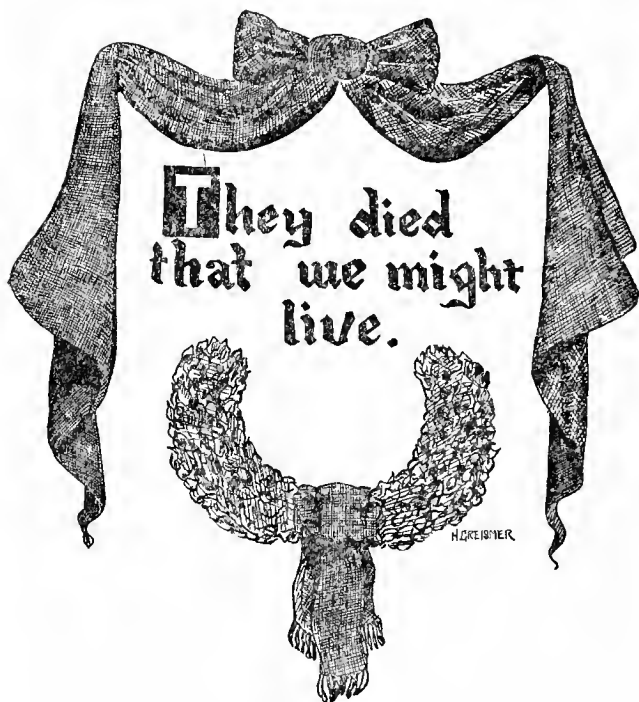
AND so as America rose in its might, conquered, and returned to peaceful pursuits, so Company C came into being, did its work, met its obligations with true



“Our *Liberty Bond*” the best command of all—
“Present—Discharges”

American hearts, and returned whence it came. No finer, truer, more loyal band of soldiers were to be found in any unit of the American Army. Taken almost wholly from civilian life they put their whole being into the work which was designated for them to do. Such is the typical American, and such is the spirit which will always make the Stars and Stripes the leader of all mankind.

IN MEMORIAM



To our Departed Comrades

CHAPTER XX

IN MEMORIAM

THREE men of Company C, 57th Engineers, died while the Company was in France. Charles E. Allie and William H. Heyser died at Camp Grigny during the "flu" epidemic. Both of these men were known as hard-working, conscientious soldiers, and their faithfulness to duty was the direct cause of their untimely death. They were buried in Suresnes Cemetery located on the outskirts of Paris where rested hundreds of their comrades from other units in the A. E. F.

Elton Langhor was drowned at St. Mammes during the flood of January, 1919. The body was found several days later at Fontainebleau and was buried in a small French cemetery in that town.

CHAPTER XXI

COMPANY C BACK IN CIVILIAN LIFE

IT would be inappropriate to close this story without a glimpse into the civilian lives of some of the men of Company C. Our buddies came from all walks of life, and it is but a further proof of their high character that they have again put their shoulders to the economic wheel, and are doing their share to keep America free from the contamination which besets her on every side.

CAPTAIN ROBERT M. DAVIS

Captain Davis returned ahead of the Company and resumed his work as Hydraulic Engineer with the United States Geological Survey in Washington, D. C. In November, 1919, he was appointed Statistical Editor of the "Electrical World," a McGraw-Hill publication, and is still holding down that position. He is fighting the Long Island brand of mosquito with his wife and boy who was born just

seventeen days before the Company sailed for France.

LIEUTENANT ORLIE W. ROBINSON

Lieutenant Robinson, the proprietor of the Company's general merchandise department, is treasurer of the West Virginia Mine Supply Company at Clarksburg, W. Va. Robinson was in the army hospital almost eight months after the return of the Company from France but was practically recovered when discharged.

LIEUTENANT PHILANDER K. RODGERS

Lieutenant Rodgers is one of the members of the Rodgers' Sand Company of Pittsburg, Pa. Rodgers became the proud father of a boy, Edward Hartje, on October 24, 1919.

HEBER H. BROOKS

Heber H. Brooks has returned to the dairy business. He is the owner and driver of a 3½-ton truck, and delivers milk to the city from the surrounding farms. Brooks was married July 30, 1919, and is now the proud papa of a baby girl.

WILLIAM C. PAESKE

William C. (Slim) Paeske is a wheelman on the Steamer *City of Marquette*. He expects to take unto himself a wife before the year 1921 closes.

WILLIAM H. VON SEGGERN

Perhaps one of the most serious accidents among the Company C men detailed to barge work, was when the decks were blown off one of the barges by an explosion of gasoline. William H. Von Seggern was seriously burned and badly cut about the head and face. He has entirely recovered from this accident.

LAWRENCE J. WING

Lawrence J. ("Wingie") Wing was married on March 30, 1921. He is a plumber up in Monroe, Michigan.

SIMON C. RICHTMAN

Perhaps the last man of the Company and Regiment to leave Grigny and France was Sgt. Simon C. ("Si") Richtman, who left Grigny on August 18, 1919. Richtman is now manager of the F. C. Fish Company at Fountain City, Wis.

MICHAEL F. KOTCHON

Michael F. (Mike) Kotchon got switched over to Company B early in the game, and had the honor of seeing his former buddies of Company C pass through Brest on the way home, while he stayed to do carpenter work with Company B men. Kotchon is running a truck for himself up in Manistique, Michigan. He was married on June 29, 1920, Sergeant Karl J. Hansen of Company B acting as best man.

JOSEPH J. MOYLAN

Joseph J. ("Smiling Joe") Moylan is a carpenter in Stamford, Connecticut.

LINWOOD F. McLAIN

Linwood F. ("Sarge") McLain, the much loved top sergeant of the Company for many months, is Captain of Transatlantic Steam Ships.

EDWARD LINSKY

Edward ("Shorty"), Linsky, one of the Gold Dust Twins, is with the American Legion Headquarters in Philadelphia in charge of Compensation and Insurance claims. Linsky

was married on December 19, 1920. Linsky was another one of the Company C men who spent their last days as soldiers with Company B, and got home after his Company C buddies.

AARON SHPEGEL

Aaron ("Shorty") Shpegel, the second of the Gold Dust Twins, was married on the 18th of April, 1920, and is now the proud father of a boy. Shpegel is in charge of the printing department of a manufacturing company in Philadelphia.

EDWARD ENGLEFRIED

Edward ("Whitey") Englefried is a tool-maker at the works of J. Bird Moyer Company, Dental Manufacturers in Philadelphia. Englefried reenlisted for one year upon return to the States, and after winning the sharpshooters' medal on the range was discharged as a Corporal.

ROBERT F. CHESTNUT

Robert F. Chestnut was another of the men who nearly lost his life by falling into the river. Not being able to swim a stroke he certainly would have drowned but for the

presence of mind of his buddies, "Whitey" Englefried and the timely appearance of the "Jennie Wren."

FRANK HAHL

Frank Hahl is living in Brooklyn and went back to his old work as a machinist after discharge.

JAMES H. STACK

James H. ("Jimmie") Stack has forsaken the profession of bossing "chinks" and is an auto upholsterer in Charlotte, N. C. "Jimmie" was married soon after discharge and has a little boy named "Jack" running around his home.

BERNARD L. DEROSHIA

Bernard L. ("Jazz Hound") Deroshia is a painter and carpenter in Sheboygan, Michigan.

CONRAD P. SCHERTL

Conrad P. ("Coney") Schertl is working in the Department of Public Works of Brooklyn. Before the war he drove a beer wagon, but since the prohibition came he has compromised on a dump wagon.

CHARLES NAEGELE

Charles Naegele was the only one in the Company, so far as is known, to return with a French girl for a wife. Naegele found his wife in Villeneuve Le Roi.

JOHN A. BUCHANAN

John A. ("Buck") Buchanan is a fireman, third class, serving in the United States Naval Base at Hampton Roads awaiting orders to go to sea. He is probably the only Company C man to enlist in the Navy. Buchanan is following in the footsteps of his father who served under Admiral Porter in the Civil War.

ANDREW C. WESTERMEYER

Andrew C. ("Westy") Westermeyer was among the few to go into Germany. He was with the Inter Allied Waterways Commission and was stationed at Cologne. Westermeyer was married shortly after his discharge. He is foreman of the stock room in a large auto-ignition plant in Meriden, Conn.

ELWOOD W. BARTLETT

Elwood W. ("Woody") Bartlett was one of the Company C men who was transferred to Company D early in the game. He is a salesman in Smyrna, Delaware.

CHARLES E. PARSLEY

Charles E. Parsley is a rural mail carrier. He was married soon after his discharge from the Army, and is living near Brookville, Maryland.

ELBERT B. REYNOLDS

Elbert B. ("Al") Reynolds is assistant State Highway Engineer of Arkansas. He was married soon after being discharged and is living at Little Rock, Arkansas.

HENRY W. WATKINS

Henry W. ("Watt") Watkins is working in the Producing Department of "The Texas Company" in the capacity of handling all invoices for the Louisiana Division. Watkins has been most unfortunate in the loss of both his father and mother since discharge from the Army.

JOSEPH H. CARNEY

Joseph H. ("Helpless") Carney, who claims to have been the oldest private in the Company, is a clerk in the United States Engineer Office at Wheeling, W. Va. Carney had considerable trouble with Old Man A. W. O. L. while in France.

"MA" COVINGTON

"Ma" Covington, whose name recalls many kindnesses which only a woman of "Ma's" character can show, is living near Morehouse, Missouri. She has the toilet set which the men of Company C gave her always on exhibit. "Ma" will go down in history as one of the angels of mercy, the presence of whom made a hard life bearable.

HERBERT S. HICKS

Herbert S. ("Jimmie") Hicks, the top Sergeant of the Company for the last two months of its existence, is back on his old job as operator of a floating dredge on land reclamation work. A good American dredge must be a cinch after some of those French wrecks.

CHARLES R. McASLAN

Charles R. ("Mac.") McAslan couldn't stay way from boat life and so resumed work as a deckhand in and around New York on discharge from the Army.

ARCHILLE A. BRODEUR

Archille A. ("Red") Brodeur, who did a lot of unravelling of French lingo for the Company while in France, is now working at the carpenter trade.

DOCK NORTH

Dock North was married in the Spring of 1921—"to a better girl than I am"—says Dock.

JAMES J. GOGGIN

James J. ("Dad") Goggin got a fourteen day leave, went to Ireland, fell in love with a pretty Irish colleen, and married her in New York on May 24, 1920. At last reports the family still consisted of "us two." "Dad's" name has been changed to "Cupid" on account of his excellent shape.

EARL H. YOUNGLOVE

Earl H. Younglove is a school teacher, having graduated from the Michigan State Normal School since discharge from the Army.

PASQUALE DiCUGNO

Pasquale ("Patsey") DiCugno, one of the most famous cooks of Company C still lives at Villeneuve Le Roi, having married one of the belles of that town during the war period.

NORMAN C. HECKMAN

Norman C. ("By-Heck") Heckman is engineer on the river steamer *John Heckman*. Heckman was married on May 19, 1920.

CLARENCE H. BRADLEY

Clarence H. ("Slim") Bradley returned to the carpenter trade after discharge. He is married and has two children, a boy and a girl, the girl having been born since Bradley's discharge from the Army.

JOHN C. MORRILL

John C. ("Steve") Morrill is an engineman or striker out in Arkansas.

RUSSELL W. MUFF

Russell W. Muff liked boating and barge work so well that he couldn't break away from them, and so he is still working on motor boats in and around New York. Muff took sick in France, and was returned soon after the Armistice. Maybe that accounts for the fact that he continued to love boats and barges after his return to the U. S. A.

HENRY R. BELMAR

Henry R. ("Hank") Belmar, after almost a year of intimate contact with leaking barges and their repair, became so enthused with the subject that when he returned he took up employment with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad as a car repairer. He also ran wild to the extent of taking unto himself a wife, and a wee, little girl now calls him "Papa."

HENRY R. WICHERT

Henry ("Whitey") Wichert is driving a truck around New York for a sporting goods house.

FRED L. OVERTON

Fred L. ("Nickey") Overton has taken up a real soft job, he's superintendent of a Game

Preserve. But he still has his troubles, since he got married soon after discharge from the Army. Overton spent six months in a field hospital with spinal meningitis and has never fully recovered from the affliction.

JOSEPH P. JOHNSON

Joseph P. ("Johnny") Johnson is following up his experience on the tug *Ada* by working as a stationary engineer. Anyone who could make the *Ada* go when she was needed ought to be able to make a fortune in wages on any ordinary engineering job.

HARRY J. GRIESEMER

Harry J. ("Lefty") Griesemer, the man who is responsible for all the cartoons in this book, is missing his calling if he is not working as a cartoonist. Few men can do better or more original work. He was transferred on Nov. 1st to an infantry replacement troop. Later he toured all the camps in France as a member of an A. E. F. show troop.

EDGAR V. HAWLEY

Edgar V. ("Joe Joe") Hawley is an oiler on board the good ship *Cappill*, and has made

trips to Sweden, Finland, Holland, and Germany since discharge from the Army.

WILLIAM T. HOLMES

William T. ("Bill") Holmes is a mate on an ocean-going vessel. He has visited England, Spain, Italy, Algeria, France, Japan, and China and was wrecked off the Philippine Islands in a typhoon. Holmes plans one more trip to Europe, and then will settle down with a boat, dog, gun, and horse—and maybe a wife.

JOHN P. BRENNAN

John P. ("Brick Top") Brennan is a still press operator at the Winchester Arms Company's plant in New Haven, Connecticut.

LAWRENCE O. BATTLES

Lawrence O. Battles is farming near Chesterfield, Ohio.

CARL A. PAULSON

Carl A. Paulson is fishing and farming in northern Michigan.

HENRY J. ADSHEAD

Henry J. Adshead, who was one of the lucky members of the Company in that he spent some time on the Rhine as a member of the Inter Allied Waterways Commission, is a foreman in the Watertown plant of the Hood Rubber Company. On September 8, 1920, he was married to Miss Ida Louise Tripp of New Bedford.

HARRY N. HINCHMAN

Harry N. Hinchman is back in the Army. He is a stenographer in the Chief Quartermaster's Office, and is stationed at Coblenz, Germany. As far as known Hinchman is the only man in the Company who reënlisted in the Army and was sent back to France or Germany.

CHARLES KAPPELER

Charles ("Charlo") Kappeler is running an auto truck for himself in Brooklyn, N. Y.

WILLIAM PAULSON

William ("Bill") Paulson, Top Sergeant of the Company after the transfer of Sergeant Linwood F. McLain, is a fisherman and farmer at Green Bay, Wisconsin.

HOWARD Z. LONG

Howard Z. ("Lefty") Long is a carpenter, but not on barges. He's engaged in building houses for some of the inhabitants of eastern Pennsylvania. Long is taking large interest in the local post of the American Legion. Long married Miss Mary M. Overly on July 16, 1921.

SAM T. COOK

Sam T. ("Cookie") Cook is playing in an orchestra of one of the largest theatres in Chicago. After discharge from the Army he organized the "Southern Harmony Five" and "Jazzed" the bunch all over the "Far West."

Perhaps the best salute ever given by a Company C man was that given by "Cookie" one night in Grigny. Passing along the streets of that quiet little town he espied a big fellow approaching attired in a flashy uniform, gold all over it, and loaded down with medals. He wore a cocked hat with gold braid, and Cook naturally took him for a general or something like that. Accordingly, wishing to make a good impression for the Armée Américaine, he straightened up and gave the "Gen-

eral” a real snappy salute. In reply the “General” smiled and said “Bon jour, Monsieur.” Cook knew right then that he had made a mistake but how serious a mistake he didn’t “compree” until one of the M. P.’s told him that the “general” was the official undertaker of the district.

THOMAS A. MORROW

Thomas A. (“Dad”) Morrow states that his biggest job while in France was dodging the Company officers. Dad claims he never did a full day’s work while across the water. He was a full-fledged company commander himself for a few days at Villeneuve Le Roi. He was the last Yankee to leave that Port.

EDWARD H. MARTZ

Edward H. (“Martzey”) Martz is now a gas engine mechanic, which should be tame work after dodging taxis in Paris when traveling fifty miles an hour on a motorcycle.

ERNEST L. MARTIN

Ernest L. (“Corp”) Martin is making good use of the experience he gained as Company Clerk, and is at present bookkeeper in one of the largest garages in the South.

CHARLES J. CRESWELL

Charles J. Creswell is a salesman in Philadelphia.

FRANK T. CHANTINY

Frank T. ("French") Chantiny was married soon after discharge, and at last reports was the proud dad of a year old boy weighing thirty pounds. Chantiny is farming up in Michigan.

CHRIS H. GUENTHER

Chris H. ("Spuds") Guenther was the only man in the Company, and probably the entire 57th Engineers, to actually reach Berlin. He spent two weeks in that city with the American Mission. Guenther is at present a clerk in the Recorder of Deeds Office in St. Louis, Missouri.

CLEO MATHEWSON

Cleo ("Smoke") Mathewson, the little runt who used to fire the cranes for Sgt. Hicks, is back on his old job as a fisherman. He claims it is cooler work.

FRED LEROY BARNES

Fred L. ("Belly Robber") Barnes, the Sergeant who fed the bunch till he was taken sick and was sent to the hospital, is now employed by the National Tube Company at McKeesport, Pa., as a recorder and foreman. On September 16, 1920, he married his sweetheart of pre-war days, and then took a month off traveling on his "funny moon." On the 10th of August, 1921, Barnes became the proud father of a son. Have a heart, "Sarge," and give the boy three "squares" a day!

ROSTER OF
COMPANY "C," 57TH ENGINEERS

ROSTER OF
COMPANY "C," 57TH ENGINEERS

OFFICERS

Davis, Robert M., Captain, Engineers,
36 Queens Road, Queens, N. Y.
Pomerene, Joel, 1st Lieut, Engineers,
1646 Edgewater Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Findlater, William E., 2d Lieut., Engineers,
2056 Aubert Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Robinson, Orlie W., 2d Lieut., Engineers,
West Virginia Mine Supply Co., Clarksburg, W. Va.
Rodgers, Philander K., 2d Lieut., Engineers,
Care of Rodgers' Sand Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

ATTACHED

Wood, Orlando S., Capt. M. C.,
Washington, Georgia

ENLISTED MEN

Adshead, Henry J., Pvt., 1 cl.,
71 Fort St., Fairhaven, Mass.
Ahlstedt, Harry, Pvt.,
Emerson, N. J.
Alexander, Edward, Pvt.,
705 Brock Ave., New Bedford, Mass.

160 HISTORY OF CO. C—57TH ENGINEERS

- Allen, Amos W., Pvt.,
1343 Belvidere Ave., Detroit, Mich.
- Allie, Charles E., Pvt.,
Two Rivers, Wis.
- Amand, Edward G., Pvt., 1 cl.,
412 Gerritt St., Philadelphia, Pa.
- Ammon, Royce B., Pvt., 1 cl.,
Amagansett, L. I., N. Y.
- Anderson, John, Sgt., 1 cl.,
Cicero, Ill.
- Bailey, Bret H., Pvt., 1 cl.,
R. R. No. 1, Weston, W. Va.
- Balling, Walter A., Sgt.,
R. F. D. No. 10, Box No. 45, Buechel, Ky.
- Barnes, Fred L., Mess Sgt.,
419 Beech St., McKeesport, Pa.
- Barr, Harold B., Pvt., 1 cl.,
Gaithersburg, Md.
- Bartholomew, Louis B., Cpl.,
52 South First St., Meriden, Conn.
- Bartlett, Elwood W., Cpl.,
Commerce St., Smyrna, Dela.
- Battles, Lawrence O., Pvt., 1 cl.,
R. F. D. No. 2, Chesterland, Ohio
- Beckwith, George C., Pvt.,
Westhampton, N. Y.
- Belmer, Henry R., Cpl.,
412-88th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Bequette, Harry E., Pvt., 1 cl.,
2928 Lemp Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
- Bergey, Hobart M., Pvt., 1 cl.,
Colmar, Pa.

ROSTER OF CO. C, 57TH ENGINEERS 161

- Bloom, William H., Pvt.,
115 Locust St., Milton, Pa.
- Bishop, Guy M. L., Pvt.,
39 Woodland Ave., Melrose Highlands, Mass.
- Bradley, Clarence H., Pvt., 1 cl.,
Clinton, Conn.
- Braman, Charles S., Pvt., 1 cl.,
8 Curry Ave., Newport, R. I.
- Breen, Peter L., Pvt., 1 cl.,
Harbour Bouchie, N. S.
- Brennan, John P., Pvt., 1 cl.,
122 Bishop St., New Haven, Conn.
- Brodeur, Archille A., Pvt., 1 cl.,
R. F. D. No. 1, Chesline St., Chesline, Conn.
- Brooks, Heber H., Pvt.,
Box 99, Mentor, Ohio
- Brown, Charles, Pvt.,
R. F. D. No. 2, Nunica, Mich.
- Buchanan, John A., Pvt.,
138 Mifflin St., Philadelphia, Pa.
- Buckworth, William B., Cpl.,
Devon, Pa.
- Burkinshaw, Neil C. J., Supply Sgt.,
257 Colony St., Meriden, Conn.
- Burleigh, William B., Pvt., 1 cl.,
350 Second Ave., North Troy, N. Y.
- Burnett, John H., Cpl.,
210 West Boulevard, Marion, Ill.
- Burton, Harold E., Pvt.,
1701 Jackson St., N. E., Washington, D. C.
- Carlson, Carl S., Cpl.,
Sister Bay, Wis.

162 HISTORY OF CO. C—57TH ENGINEERS

- Carlson, Daniel J., Pvt., 1 cl.,
R. F. D. No. 1, Ellison Bay, Wis.
- Carney, Joseph H., Pvt.,
Y. M. C. A. Bldg., Wheeling, W. Va.
- Chantiny, Frank T., Sgt.,
Silverwood, Mich.
- Chaney, Albert E., Pvt.,
216 Pendleton Ave., Tampa, Fla.
- Chapek, Harry W., Pvt.,
Box 446, Algona, Wis.
- Chestnut, Robert F., Pvt., 1 cl.,
5730 Hoffman Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
- Choitz, Arthur O., Pvt.,
Box 19-A, Menominee, Mich.
- Cohen, Theodore, Pvt.,
313 Crimmins Ave., New York, N. Y.
- Cook, Sam T., Pvt., 1 cl.,
707-S. High St., Longview, Texas
- Connell, Orlo J., Pvt., 1 cl.,
Harbor Springs, Mich.
- Cornell, Claude C., Cpl.,
Detroit Harbor, Wis.
- Cornell, Leon E., Pvt., 1 cl.,
Detroit Harbor, Wis.
- Crafts, Richard T., Pvt., 1 cl.,
530 Manhattan Ave., New York, N. Y.
- Creswell, Charles J., Pvt., 1 cl.,
West Chestnut Ave., Chestnut Hill, Phila., Pa.
- Crouse, Norman L., Pvt., 1 cl.,
General Delivery, Taneytown, Md.
- Deal, Fleming J., Pvt., 1 cl.,
1446 E. 66th Place, Chicago, Ill.

ROSTER OF CO. C, 57TH ENGINEERS 163

- Delaney, George H., Pvt., 1 cl.,
227 N. Fulton Ave., Baltimore, Md.
- Deroshia, Bernard L., Pvt.,
R. F. D. No. 2, Sheboygan, Mich.
- Dick, James G., Sgt., 1 cl.,
236 Mineral Spring Ave., Pawtucket, R. I.
- DiCugno, Pasquale, Cook,
Villeneuve Le Roi, France
- Douville, Clarence A., Sgt.,
1126 Main St., Green Bay, Wis.
- Duffy, Michael J., Cpl.,
8500 Dicks Ave., West Philadelphia, Pa.
- Egan, John F., Sgt.,
72 Ravine St., Kingston, N. Y.
- Eiseman, Melvin C.
1305 Fairmont St., N. W., Washington, D.C.
- Engelfried, Edward, Pvt., 1 cl.,
3837 N. Franklin St., Philadelphia, Pa.
- Faller, Frank T., Pvt.,
976 Logan St., Louisville, Ky.
- Fanning, Thomas J., Pvt.,
11 Lamberton St., New Haven, Conn.
- Farino, Angelo, Pvt.,
730 Church St., Medina, N. Y.
- Fleckenstein, Adam F., Sgt.,
3513 Foster Ave., Baltimore, Md.
- Fontaine, Albert J., Pvt., 1 cl.,
Oak St., Jewett City, Conn.
- Fox, George J., Pvt.,
34 Columbia St., Rensselaer, N. Y.
- Gamelin, William J., Pvt.,
82 Morgan St., Marinette, Wis.

164 HISTORY OF CO. C—57TH ENGINEERS

Gerrity, Edward M., Pvt.

Big Mine Run, Ashland, Pa.

Gettel, George W., Pvt.,

R. F. D. No. 2., Bayport, Mich.

Gibson, Albert B., Pvt., 1 cl.,

Lowry, Md.

Gilbert, Harvey A., Pvt.

Alabaster, Mich.

Goggin, James J., Sgt.

El Dorado, Ark.

Goldstein, Meyer, Pvt., 1 cl.,

1102 Hack Ave., Asbury Park, N. J.

Gorman, Eugene J., Pvt.,

435 W. 36th St., New York, N. Y.

Greco, Salvator, Pvt., 1 cl.,

914 Greenwood Ave., Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Griek, Albert, Pvt., 1 cl.,

Oak Island, Babylon, N. Y.

Griesemer, Harry J., Pvt.,

Ogontz Ave., Elkins Park, Pa.

Guenther, Chris H., Pvt., 1 cl.,

1340 Aubert Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Haase, William W., Pvt.,

218 Cherry St., Green Bay, Wis.

Hafert, Bernard, Pvt., 1 cl.,

Baileys Harbor, Wis.

Hahl, Frank, Pvt.,

1866 Blucher St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hahnkuper, Lawrence A., Pvt., 1 cl.,

R. F. D. No. 1, Detroit Harbor, Wis.

Hanna, John C., Pvt., 1 cl.,

510 Dupont St., Roxborough, Philadelphia, Pa.

- Harder, Archie J., Pvt.,
R. F. D. No. 2, Bay Port, Mich.
- Hartleb, William V., Pvt., 1 cl.,
271 Van Siclen Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Hartman, Herman L., Pvt., 1 cl.,
Green Hill, Pa.
- Hassenplug, John R., Pvt.,
406 Northwest St., Syracuse, N. Y.
- Hawley, Edgar V., Pvt.,
32 North Main St., Norwalk, Conn.
- Hayes, Earl, Pvt.,
Selma, La.
- Heath, John W., Jr., Pvt., 1 cl.,
606 French St., Wilmington, Del.
- Heatlie, Charles L., Pvt.,
3033 Harper St., Philadelphia, Pa.
- Heaton, Edward, Cpl.,
Fulton and Carpenter Sts., Chicago, Ill.
- Heckman, Norman C., Sgt.,
Hermann, Mo.
- Heeney, George L., Pvt.,
Droheda St., Balbriggan, Dublin, Ireland
- Helm, Multon O. L., Pvt.,
121 South Clark St., New Orleans, La.
- Helsen, Julius J., Pvt.,
R. F. D. No. 2, Sawyer, Wis.
- Heyser, William H., Pvt.,
4835 Hazel Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
- Hicks, Herbert S., Sgt., 1 cl.,
Coffeen, Ill.
- Hilferty, Joseph J., Sgt.,
2116 Cemetery St., Philadelphia, Pa.

166 HISTORY OF CO. C—57TH ENGINEERS

- Hinchman, Harry N., Pvt.,
Quartermaster's Office, Coblenz, Germany
- Hitchens, William J., Jr., Pvt.,
2100 Huey St., McKeesport, Pa.
- Hoehne, Ralph F., Pvt.,
Greeley, Sike Co., Pa.
- Holman, Walter F., Cpl.,
21 George St., Pawtuxet, R. I.
- Holmes, William T., Cpl.,
25 South St., New York, N. Y.
- Hoover, Howard B., Cpl.,
1614 Sansom St., care of Temple School,
Philadelphia, Pa.
- Horney, John L., Pvt.,
Haverstraw, N. Y.
- Horton, Oliver R., Pvt.,
Box 86, New Suffolk, N. Y.
- Hoysradt, Lawrence S., Pvt., 1 cl.,
94 Cherry St., Torrington, Conn.
- Jacobosky, John P., Sgt.,
Two Rivers, Wis.
- Jacques, Henry E., Cpl.,
329 Belvedere Ave., Detroit, Mich.
- Jaycox, Elmer A., Pvt., 1 cl.,
Sinoway Road, Coscob, Conn.
- Johnson, James A., Pvt., 1 cl.,
Federalsburg, Md.
- Johnson, Joseph P., Pvt.,
432 S. Main St., Hightstown, N. J.
- Kappeler, Charles, Pvt.,
1733 Bleecker St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROSTER OF CO. C, 57TH ENGINEERS 167

- Kendig, Edward L., Mch.,
1836 Eighth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
- Kent, Elza M., Pvt.,
Sturgeon Bay, Wis.
- Kent, Ray, Pvt.,
South Manitou, Mich.
- King, Owen, Pvt.,
2642 Prospect St., Kansas City, Mo.
- Knaub, Williams, Pvt.,
Fountain City, Wis.
- Koehler, Curtis E., Pvt.,
1039 Oak St., Manistee, Mich.
- Kotchon, Michael F., Pvt.,
211 Elm St., Manistique, Mich.
- Kraft, Elmer M., Pvt., 1 cl.,
2514 N. Marshal St., Philadelphia, Pa.
- Krentz, John M., Pvt.,
1713 22d St., Two Rivers, Wis.
- Kriehn, Emil C., Pvt., 1 cl.,
138 Wisconsin St., Port Washington, Wis.
- Kronman, Jonas, Pvt.,
2218 23d St., San Francisco, Calif.
- Langohr, Elton M., Pvt.,
Ephraim, Wis.
- Latourette, Irvin E., Egr., Glenhead Road,
Glenwood Landing, Long Island, N. Y.
- Laverty, James, Pvt.,
1239 Daily St., Philadelphia, Pa.
- Lee, Robert E., Pvt., 1 cl.,
R. F. D. No. 2, Rhoadesville P. O., Va.
- Linsky, Edward, Cpl.,
1325 N. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

168 HISTORY OF CO. C—57TH ENGINEERS

- Lock, Lewis, Pvt., 1 cl.,
1620 Avenue I, Galveston, Tex.
- Long, Howard Z., Pvt.,
Red Hill, Pa.
- Lott, Fred, Pvt.,
1867 Hemrod St., Ridgewood Heights, L. I., N. Y.
- Lyons, James J., Sgt.,
26 Van Dam St., New York, N. Y.
- MacKenzie, Everett P., Pvt.,
61 Hancock St., Boston, Mass.
- Marotske, William C., Pvt.,
281 6th Ave., Manistee, Mich.
- Martin, Ernest L., Cpl.,
Mansfield, La.
- Martinson, John, Pvt.,
4338 N. Monticello Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- Martz, Edward H., Mch.,
R. F. D. No. 1, Cumberland, Md.
- Mathewson, Cleo, Pvt.,
127 Fletcher St., Alpena, Mich.
- Mathiassen, Martin, Pvt.,
648 49th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Mayer, Adolph A., Pvt.,
2308 N. 11th St., Sheboygan, Wis.
- Mazzula, Antonio, Pvt.,
1448 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- McAslan, Charles R., Pvt.,
439 Second St., Greenport, N. Y.
- McCoy, Lester R., Pvt.,
114 Dunedin Ave., Detroit, Mich.
- McDonough, Frank, Pvt.,
103 Olney St., Dorchester, Mass.

- McGrover, John H., Pvt.,
192 Union Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Meena, Nicola, Pvt., 1 cl.,
670 54th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Menke, Charles, Pvt.,
44th and Vermont Sts., Latonia, Ky.
- Meredith, George M., Pvt., 1 cl.,
R. F. D. No. 5, Rockport, Ind.
- McLain, Linwood F., M. E. S. G.,
27 Johansen St., Woodsfords, Me.
- Meszaros, Louis, Pvt.,
1929 N. 22d St., Philadelphia, Pa.
- Millar, John G., Cpl.,
3947 Baltimore Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
- Miller, Charles D., Pvt., 1 cl.,
222 Buckingham Place, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Moore, Allen J., Pvt.,
R. F. D., No. 2, Brussels, Wis.
- Morrell, John W., Pvt., 1 cl.,
502 15th St., Niagara Falls, N. Y.
- Morrill, John C., Sgt.,
De Valls Bluff, Ark.
- Morrisette, David, Pvt.,
R. F. D. No. 1, Clinton, Mo.
- Morrow, Thomas A., Pvt., 1 cl.,
Maltavana, Pa.
- Moylan, Joseph J., Pvt.,
35 Leeds St., Stamford, Conn.
- Muff, Russell W., Cpl.,
Foot of 9th Ave., Long Island City, N. Y.
- Mulder, Edward, Pvt., 1 cl.,
Harbor Springs, Mich.

170 HISTORY OF CO. C—57TH ENGINEERS

- Mulling, Ludwig C., Pvt., 1 cl.,
1017 Frenchman St., New Orleans, La.
- Mulroy, Gregory, Pvt.,
442 10th Ave., New York, N. Y.
- Naegele, Charles, Cpl.,
1726 Gates Ave., Ridgewood, L. I., N. Y.
- Nelson, Christ, Pvt.,
311 W. 4th St., Port Clinton, O.
- Nelson, Johnny F., Pvt.,
P. O. Box 44, Ellison Bay, Wis.
- Newman, Clair, Pvt.,
917 10th St., Portsmouth, O.
- Nilsen, Magnus, Pvt.,
6209 5th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- North, Dock. Pvt.,
De Valls Bluff, Ark.
- Nosenzo, Cesare, Pvt.,
12 Court St., Stamford, Conn.
- O'Donnell, Thomas J., Sgt.,
695 N. Laurel St., Hazelton, Pa.
- Olsen, Gustave W., Pvt.,
645 52d St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Olsen, Sigurd, Pvt., 1 cl.,
102 South Church St., Schenectady, N. Y.
- Overton, Fred L., Pvt.,
East Main St., Good Ground, N. Y.
- Paeske, William C., Pvt.,
120 Dousman St., Green Bay, Wis.
- Parsley, Charles E., Pvt.,
Brookville, Md.
- Paulson, Carl A., Sgt., 1 cl.,
R. F. D. No. 1, Green Bay, Wis.

ROSTER OF CO. C, 57TH ENGINEERS 171

Paulson, William, 1st Sgt.,
R. F. D. No. 1, Green Bay, Wis.
Perlewitz, Oswald C., Pvt. 1 cl.,
Algoma, Wis.
Peterson, Edward, Pvt.,
Detroit Harbor, Wis.
Phillips, Earl, Cpl.,
South Portsmouth, Ky.
Polcyn, Albert, Pvt.,
530 Davis St., Manistee, Mich.
Popplo, John, Pvt.,
643 Lorimer St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Post, Frank, Pvt.,
542 3d Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Pribyl, John V., Pvt.,
Prairie Du Chien, Wis.
Ransom, Fred, Pvt.,
Cross Village, Mich.
Ransom, Jack T., Pvt., 1 cl.,
Cross Village, Mich.
Rasmussen, Soren, Pvt.,
Denmark, Wis.
Raynor, William M., Pvt.,
Monsell Place, Greenport, N. Y.
Reichert, Ray R., Pvt., 1 cl.,
5515 Chester Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
Reynolds, Elbert B., Sgt.,
care of State Highway Dept., Little Rock, Ark.
Richter, Roy W., Pvt.,
Detroit Harbor, Wis.
Richtman, Simon C., M. E. J. G.,
Fountain City, Wis.

172 HISTORY OF CO. C—57TH ENGINEERS

Ritchie, Lawrence K., Pvt.,
R. F. D. No. 1, Portland, O.
Robinson, Clifford E., Pvt., 1 cl.,
Bloomer, Wis.
Rote, William E., Pvt., 1 cl.,
Hampstead, Md.
Savastinuk, Samuel P., Pvt., 1 cl.,
532 W. 49th St., New York, N. Y.
Sawdo, Roy R., Pvt.,
R. F. D. No. 2, Brussels, Wis.
Schertl, Conrad P., Pvt.,
1864 Grove St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Schnyder, Joseph F., Pvt., 1 cl.,
6022 Chestnut St., Kansas City, Mo.
Schwager, William M., Pvt., 1 cl.,
Walnut St., North Wales, Pa.
Scudder, Joseph W., Pvt.,
Halesite, L. I., N. Y.
Schantz, Charles C., Cpl.,
421 Scott St., Sandusky, O.
Sears, Franklin C., Sgt., 1 cl.,
Dixon Ave., Charlevoix, Mich.
Shpegel, Aaron, Pvt.,
1230 S. 6th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Slaughterbeck, Earl E., Pvt.,
R. F. D. No. 2, Port Clinton, O.
Smith, Norman M., Pvt.,
Red Hill, Pa.
Smith, Thomas F., Pvt., 1 cl.,
Castleton and Main Sts., Castleton, N. Y.
Soper, Felix P., Pvt.,
5623 3d Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROSTER OF CO. C, 57TH ENGINEERS 173

- Sponable, Robert R., Pvt.,
 224 West Main St., Johnstown, N. Y.
- Stack, James H., Cpl.,
 308 E. Ninth St., Charlotte, N. C.
- Stammell, Phillip J., Cpl.,
 9 Bellmore Place, Rensselaer, N. Y.
- Steffen, Charles J., Cook,
 99 Loxall St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Stromdahl, Charles H., Pvt.,
 Dagns Mines, Pa.
- Swanson, Charles J., Pvt.,
 585 8th Ave., New York, N. Y.
- Szocinsk, Louis J., Cook,
 555 N. W. Pine Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.
- Thorjusen, Thomas, Sgt.,
 525 Madison Ave., Greenport, N. Y.
- Thornburg, Gustave H., Pvt.,
 1207 W. 5th St., Los Angeles, Calif.
- Tiffany, Edwin J., Pvt.,
 R. F. D. No. 2, Catskill, N. Y.
- Turben, Harry, Pvt.,
 934 E. 181st St., New York, N. Y.
- Turk, Harry H., Pvt.,
 Rich Hill, Mo.
- Van Allen, Charles, Pvt., 1 cl.,
 Schodack Landing, N. Y.
- Vandenburgh, Roy E., Pvt., 1 cl.,
 519 Pawling Ave., Troy, N. Y.
- Vela, Edgar J., Pvt.,
 711 Avenue "E," Galveston, Tex.
- Virant, Joseph A., Pvt., 1 cl.,
 R. F. D. No. 3, Elyria, O.

174 HISTORY OF CO. C—57TH ENGINEERS

- Von Seggern, William H., Mch.,
352 144th St., New York, N. Y.
- Wagner, Arthur G., Mch.,
519 E. Madison St., Sandusky, O.
- Ward, Robert, Cpl.,
2714 Lemp Ave., St. Louis, Mo.,
- Warner, Ralph E., Cpl.,
719 Murphy Ave., Joplin, Mo.
- Waskow, Charles, Pvt., 1 cl.,
1305 20th St., Two Rivers, Wis.
- Watkins, Henry W., Sgt.
Box 452, Shreveport, La.
- Webb, John, Mch.,
2435 S. 18th St., St. Louis, Mo.
- Weber, Edward H., Cpl.,
3544 S. Spring Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
- Westermeyer, Andrew C., Pvt., 1 cl.,
12 Breckenridge Ave., Meriden, Conn.
- Wichert, Henry R., Pvt.,
1557 Green Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Wickert, Oscar R., Mch.,
159 Otter St., Oshkosh, Wis.
- Wilckens, Richard A., Pvt.,
470 Brook Ave., New York, N. Y.
- Williams, Roy G., Sgt., 1 cl.,
Prince Frederick, Md.
- Williman, Joseph E., Pvt.,
5924 Torresdale Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
- Wing, Lawrence J., Pvt.,
410 N. Monroe St., Monroe, Mich.
- Woiwada, Anthony, Cook,
4153 Main St., Manayunk, Philadelphia, Pa.

ROSTER OF CO. C, 57TH ENGINEERS 175

Younglove, Earl H., Pvt.,
General Delivery, Ida, Mich.
Zadoff, Charles, Pvt.,
441 E. 16th St., New York, N. Y.
Zalsman, William, Pvt.,
14 West 14th St., Holland, Mich.
Zimmerman, Henry F., Jr., Cook,
Jamesport, L. I., N. Y.
Zisk, Andrew J., Pvt.,
162 Roxboroig St., Manayunk, Philadelphia, Pa.
Zumbaugh, George, Sgt.,
General Delivery, Harbor Springs, Mich.
Zumbaugh, Harry, Cpl.,
Harbor Springs, Mich.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT—ATTACHED

ENLISTED MEN

Breese, Herbert E., Sgt.,
410 S. Pacific Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
McNatt, Jesse J., Pvt.,
Loyce, Fla.
McNatt, Maxie R., Pvt.,
506 Ohio St., Richmond, Va.
Osman, Allie J., Pvt.,
Route No. 1, Grand Junction, Mich.
White, Joseph E., Pvt.,
Dunnellon, Fla.

